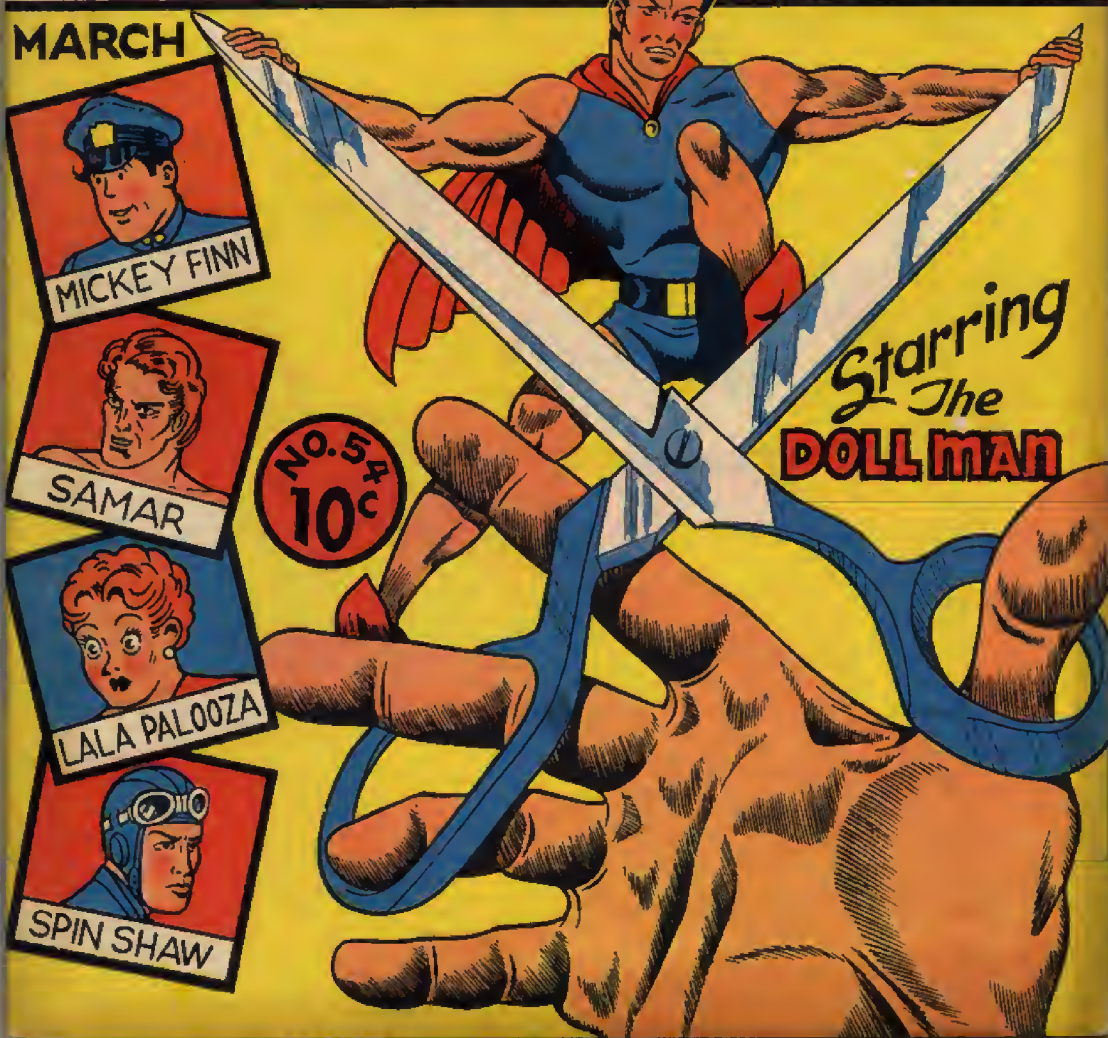


# FEATURE

COMICS

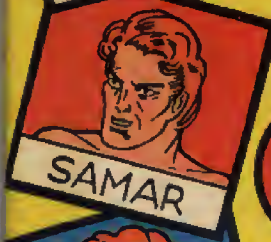


MARCH



Starring  
The  
**DOLL MAN**

NO. 54  
10¢





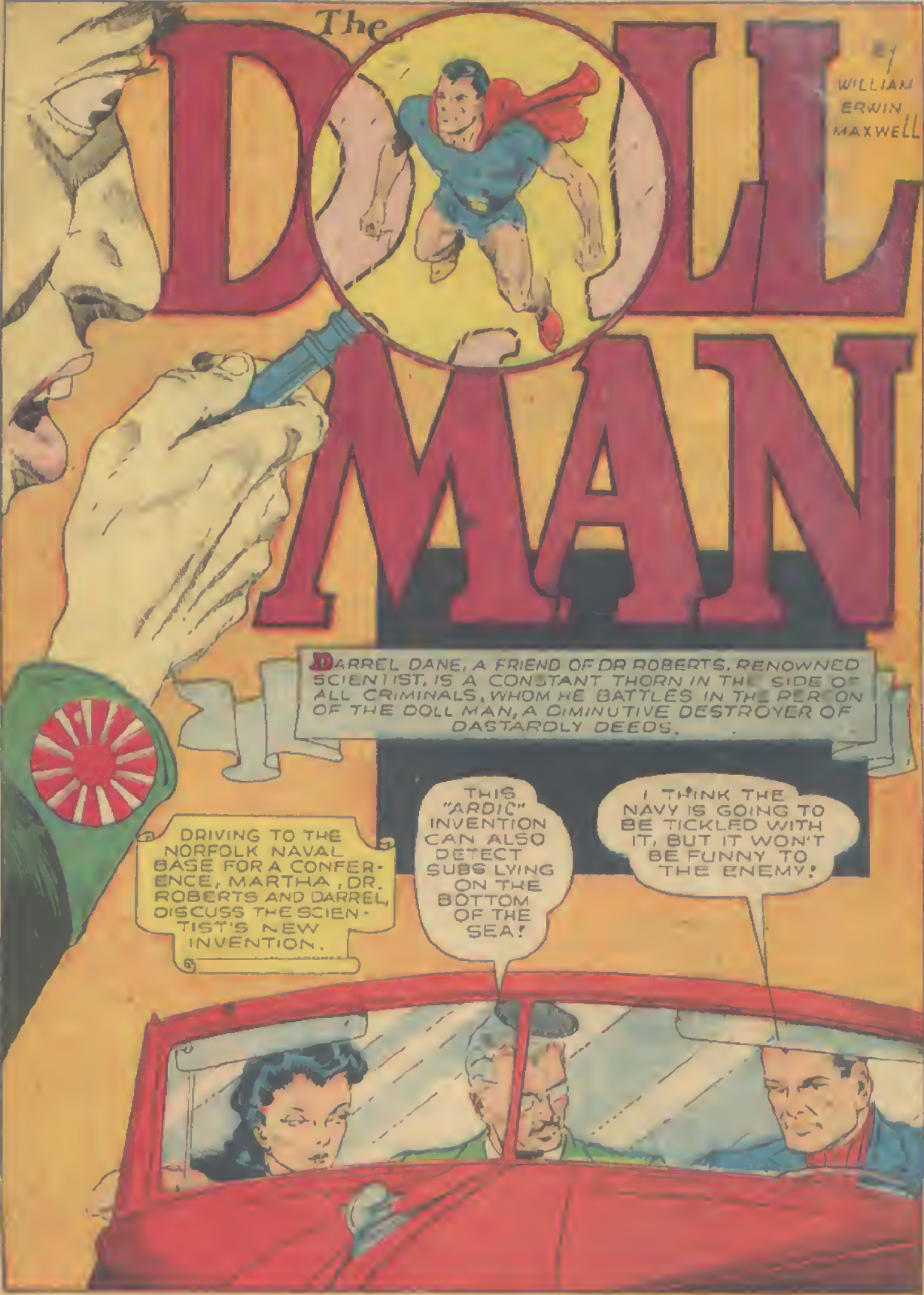


WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



The

WILLIAM  
ERWIN  
MAXWELL



**D**ARREL DANE, A FRIEND OF DR ROBERTS, RENOWNED SCIENTIST, IS A CONSTANT THORN IN THE SIDE OF ALL CRIMINALS, WHOM HE BATTLES IN THE PERSON OF THE DOLL MAN, A DIMINUTIVE DESTROYER OF DASTARDLY DEEDS.

DRIVING TO THE NORFOLK NAVAL BASE FOR A CONFERENCE, MARTHA, DR. ROBERTS AND DARREL, DISCUSS THE SCIENTIST'S NEW INVENTION.

THIS "ARDIC" INVENTION CAN ALSO DETECT SUBS LYING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

I THINK THE NAVY IS GOING TO BE TICKLED WITH IT, BUT IT WON'T BE FUNNY TO THE ENEMY!

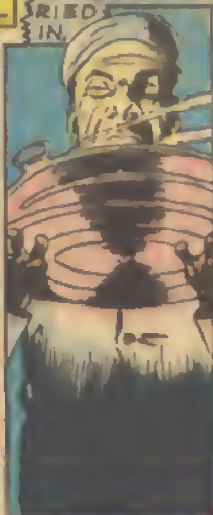


ARRIVING AT THE NAVY YARD, THE TRIO BOARD A DESTROYER WHERE THEY OUTLINE DR. ROBERTS' INVENTION TO HIGH NAVAL OFFICIALS.



I THINK IT'S GOING TO BE A VALUABLE ASSET, DOCTOR. NOW, WILL YOU ALL JOIN US FOR LUNCH?

A HOT CAULDRON OF SOUP IS CARRIED IN.



AS THE MESS BOY REACHES THE SCIENTIST, HE STUMBLES, THROWING THE STEAMING LIQUID. . . .



BUT A QUICK KICK BY DARREL SAVES DR. ROBERTS FROM A HORRIBLE SCALDING.



LOOK OUT!

VELLY SOLLY, DOCTOR. ME MUCH CLUMSY! THIS HUMBLE CREATURE MUCH SAD!



ITURI WILL NOT FAIL NEXT TIME! ALL ENEMIES OF JAPAN MUST BE DESTROYED!



LET'S GO UP ON DECK, DAD! I NEED SOME AIR AFTER THAT SCARE!



AS THE DINING SALON EMPTIES, TWO SHIFTY-EYED SAILORS RUN IN.

WHO'S GOT THOSE INVENTION PLANS, ITURI?

DR. ROBERTS!



WE MUST GET THEM FOR THE AXIS POWERS!











THERE HE IS! IN THAT LIFE BOAT!

HELP!

GASPING THAT HE HAS BEEN ROBBED OF HIS PLANS, THE SCIENTIST IS DRAGGED OUT OF THE BOAT.

SOMEONE SLUGGED ME. COULD NOT SEE... THEN THEY TOOK THE... PLANS!

TAKE IT EASY, DOCTOR!



MEANWHILE, IN THEIR CABIN, THE CULPRITS HASTILY PHOTOGRAPH THE PLANS.

THAT IS THE LAST OF THEM! NOW WE'LL PLANT THEM ON SOMEONE.



ONE OF THE SPIES STEALTHILY PUTS THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS IN A SAILOR'S DUFFEL BAG.



WHEN THE CAPTAIN HEARS OF THE THEFT, HE IMMEDIATELY ORDERS A GENERAL SEARCH.



AND THE PLANS ARE SOON DISCOVERED AMONG THE POSSESSIONS OF MARTHA'S FORMER ADMIRER.

BUT HOW...

WE'LL HOLD YOU FOR A COURT INQUIRY.



BUT I DIDN'T DO IT!



SUSPECTING THAT THE SAILOR HAD BEEN FRAMED, DARREL SEARCHES FOR A CLUE. HE PASSES ITURI'S CABIN.

HMM! LOOKS LIKE HE'S HIDING SOMETHING! I THINK I'LL INVESTIGATE!



TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO THE DOLL MAN, HE SLIPS INSIDE THROUGH THE CABIN VENTILATOR.





I'LL DUCK IN HERE!



UNAWARE OF THE DOLL MAN IN HIS BAG, ITURI CLOSES IT.



NOBODY WILL SUSPECT THE PLANS ARE IN THIS BAG! COME LET US GO ASHORE!



AS THE JAP SPY PASSES MARTHA, SHE IS THINKING OUT LOUD.

I WONDER WHERE DARREL COULD HAVE GONE TO?



I'M GOING ASHORE!



DARREL! I MUST BE HEARING THINGS!



THE TRIO ROWS TO A RAMSHACKLE FRAME HOUSE ON THE WATERFRONT.



INSIDE THE BAG, THE MIGHTY MITE HAS DISCOVERED THE PLANS AND RIPS THEM TO SHREDS.



AT LAST! NOW TO PHONE OUR LEADERS ABOUT THE PLANS!







LEAPING ON ITURI, HIS TWO CONFEDERATES  
POUND HIM TO A PULP, ATTEMPTING TO CATCH  
THE SMALL DYNAMO.

THAT'S IT!  
JUMP ON HIM,  
CRUSH  
HIM!

TEAR HIS  
CLOTHES OFF!  
WE'LL GET  
HIM!

OUCH!  
STOP!  
YOU'RE  
KILLING  
ME!

HAW! HAW!  
YOU GUYS  
ARE A  
RIOT!

BUT I'M GOING  
TO START A  
NEW PANIC!

'HERE'S A CHIN  
MASSAGE  
FOR YOU!

THE DOLL MAN USES  
THE BANISTER FOR  
A QUICK EXIT.

WHEN HE REACHES THE  
STREET, HE CHANGES BACK  
TO DARREL DANE.

LEAVING THE ENEMY AGENTS  
SPRAWLED IN A HEAP.

I USED  
TO DO THIS  
WHEN I  
WAS A  
KID!

I WON'T  
TURN THOSE  
RATS IN YET.  
MAYBE I  
CAN FIND OUT  
WHO THE HIGH  
ER UPS  
ARE!





WHAT HAPPENED? SOMEONE MUST HAVE THROWN A BOMB!

WE MUST GET NEW COPIES OF THE PLANS.



HELLO, ITURI! HOW ABOUT A LIFT BACK TO THE BOAT?

EH? WELL ALL RIGHT!



WHERE'D YOU GET THAT BLACK EYE? DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S NOT NICE TO FIGHT!

I BUMP INTO SOME THIN!



WELL, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

RAT HUNTING!



MARTHA IS TOLD OF SPIES ON BOARD ATTEMPTING TO GET HER FATHER'S INVENTION.

GET THOSE PLANS FROM YOUR DAD!



DARREL SAID THEY'LL BE SAFER WITH HIM!

THEY'RE IN THAT CLOSET, HONEY!



YES? WHAT IS IT?

MR. DANE GAVE MISSY GIVE PAPERS TO ITURI FOR CAPTAIN TO PUT IN SAFE!



BUT THE GIRL'S SUSPICIONS ARE AROUSED.

WHY SHOULD DARREL SEND HIM TO DELIVER THE PLANS.

NEVER MIND... I'LL DO IT MYSELF!



AWARE THAT HIS RUSE HAS FAILED, THE JAP SPY RESORTS TO DIRECT ACTION.

MM-FF! HEL-LP!

YOU TOO SMART!



IMPATIENTLY WAITING FOR MARTHA, DARREL GOES TO INVESTIGATE IN TIME TO SEE MARTHA DRAGGED INTO ITURI'S CABIN.



THEY'VE GOT MARTHA AND THE PLANS!

AND AGAIN THE DOLL MAN GOES INTO ACTION.

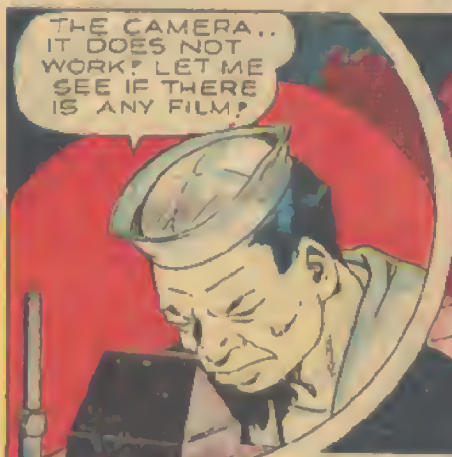


I'LL HIDE IN THIS CAMERA!

AFTER TYING THE GIRL, ITURI AGAIN DECIDES TO PHOTOGRAPH THE PLANS



THIS TIME THERE MUST BE NO SLIP-UP!



THE CAMERA.. IT DOES NOT WORK! LET ME SEE IF THERE IS ANY FILM!



WITH A HOWL OF RAGE, THE JAP GRABS THE CAMERA AND BEGINS TO PRESS THE BELLOWS TOGETHER.

I'LL CRUSH YOU!



KICKING A HOLE IN THE CAMERA, THE DOLL MAN DROPS TO THE GROUND.



THAT GUY HAS A NASTY TEMPER!



I'LL HAVE THESE ROPES OFF IN A JIFFY!

AS THE DIMINUTIVE FIGURE IS FREEING MARTHA, THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS ESCAPE WITH THE PLANS.



COME ON, I GOT 'EM!



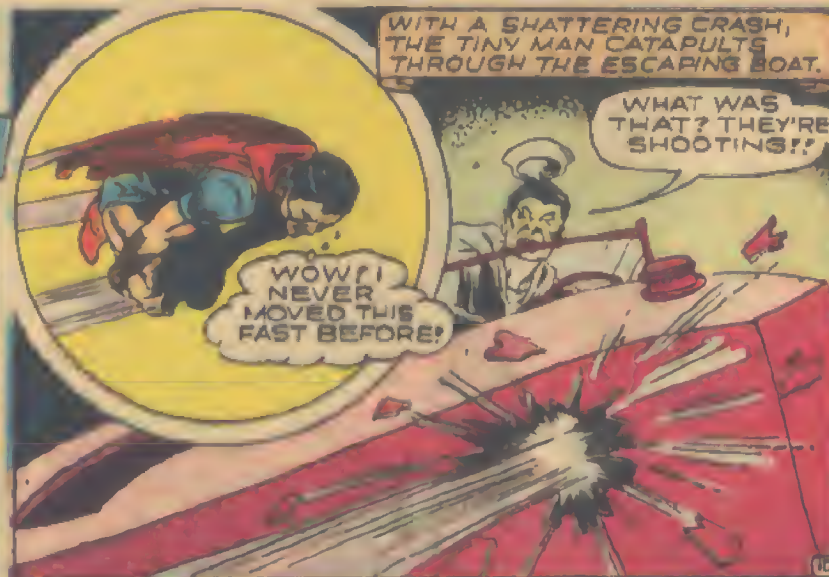
THEY LEAP INTO A WAITING MOTOR BOAT.



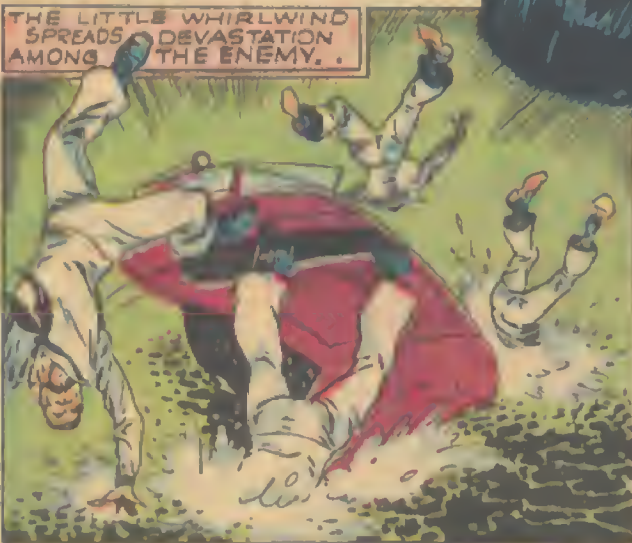
AND IN A FEW MINUTES, THE DESTROYER IS LEFT BEHIND.



SO THE DARING LITTLE PACKAGE OF DYNAMITE IS PLACED IN A TEN INCH CANNON.

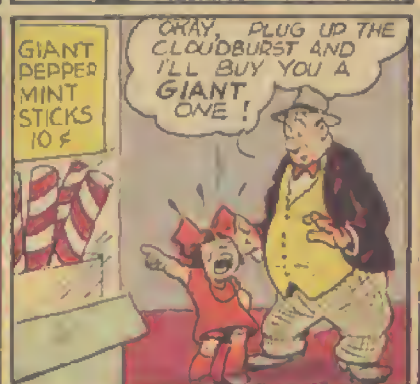
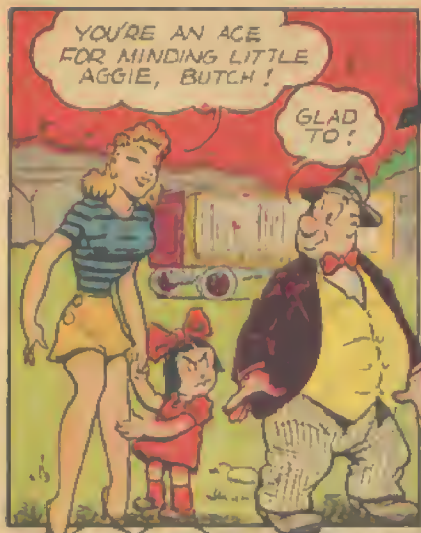






Don't miss the next sensational installment of The Doll Man.







# BIG TOP

KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE, BUTCH!

WATCHING BEAUTY PARADES IS NO TROUBLE!

SAY! ARE YOU IN THAT BATHING REVIEW?

YES, I'M ENTERED, BUT I'M LATE NOW!

THERE GOES THAT NIFTY DIVING VENUS IN OUR SHOW...  
**HI - DORINE!**

BACK UP, BUSTER! YA CAN'T BILLY-GOAT YER WAY THROUGH THERE!

THERE'S A DIME MUSEUM 'BOUT A MILE BACK ON THE BOARDWALK...  
**BEAT IT!**

LOOK AT THAT CROWD. WAITING FOUR DEEP... YOU'LL NEVER GET TO SEE IT, BUTCH!

I'LL FIND SOME PLACE TO ROOT FOR YOU!

HELP! I'LL NEVER GET A LOOK THROUGH THAT MOB!

NOW, WHAT WOULD A GREAT STATESMAN DO, FOR INSTANCE, IN SUCH A NATIONAL EMERGENCY?

YA BEEN STANDIN' ON YOUR FEET TOO LONG!

**HI, DORINE!**  
NICE GOIN', KID!

COUNTY JAIL

Enjoy Big Top each and every month in FEATURE COMICS.



# ZERO

by  
Noel Fowler

## Ghost Detective

A BREAK CIRCUMSTANCE COMBINES WITH A SETTING OF MOSS-HUNG BAYOUS, TO PROVIDE ZERO WITH AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A DOUBLE-HEADED PLAY AGAINST THE DISTURBING ELEMENT OF HUMAN SPIRITS RETURNING FROM THE HEREAFTER.

THE GHOST DETECTIVE PONDER'S OVER THE CONTENTS OF A LETTER.

HMM.. MELANIE ROYTER.. HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN YEARS. SAYS SHE'D LIKE ME TO VISIT HER DOWN SOUTH.. GUESS I COULD USE A VACATION..

SHORTLY AFTER,

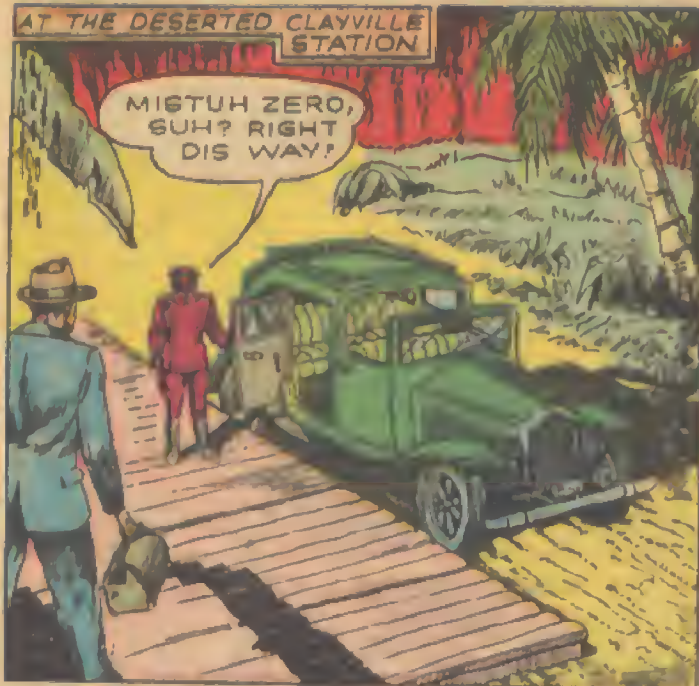
GET THIS WIRE OFF AT ONCE TO MELANIE ROYTER, CLAYVILLE, FLORIDA.

YES, SIR!

BOARDING A SOUTH-BOUND EXPRESS, ZERO HEADS FOR UNFAMILIAR TERRITORY.



AT THE DESERTED CLAYVILLE STATION



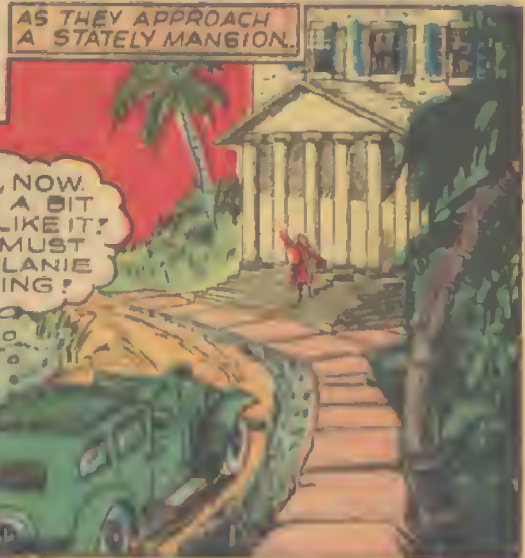
MISTUH ZERO,  
SUH? RIGHT  
DIS WAY!

GRIMLY SILENT, THE CHAUFFEUR DRIVES  
TOWARD THE ROYTER ESTATE...



... TALK ABOUT  
HEARTY SOUTHERN  
HOSPITALITY!  
THIS FELLOW  
MUST BE  
THE FAMILY  
MUMMY!

AS THEY APPROACH  
A STATELY MANGION.



DROOPING MYSTERIOUSLY  
IN THE EERIE MOONLIGHT,  
THE TANGLED SPANISH  
MOSS SEEMS TO ENVELOP  
THE ANCIENT VEHICLE.



WHAT A  
PLACE FOR  
A GHOST  
HANGOUT!

WELL, NOW.  
THIS IS A BIT  
MORE LIKE IT!  
THAT MUST  
BE MELANIE  
WAVING!



ZERO'S KEEN GAZE DETECTS  
AN ODD QUALITY IN HIS  
HOSTESS' GREETING.



MMM! SHE'S NOT  
ACTING MUCH LIKE  
THE GAY KID I  
USED TO BUY  
ICE CREAM  
CONES FOR.

I'M SO GLAD  
YOU COULD  
COME!

GOOD TO SEE  
YOU,  
MEL.

ABRUPT AND COLDLY  
POLITE, MELANIE'S  
ATTITUDE CONTINUES  
TO CONFUSE THE GHOST  
DETECTIVE.



I THOUGHT YOU  
MIGHT LIKE  
SOME REST AFTER  
YOUR LONG TRIP.  
SEE YOU IN  
THE MORNING.

EH? OH...  
VERY CON-  
SIDERATE  
OF YOU.

SUDDENLY A  
VIOLENT, PIERCING  
SCREAM SHATTERS  
ZERO'S THOUGHTS.

MELANIE'S  
VOICE!  
SOME-  
THING'S  
UP!







RACING SWIFTLY DOWN THE HALL, HE HEADS FOR MELANIE'S ROOM.

HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!



THEN...

MY GOSH! SHE'S PASSED OUT COLD!



THE STIMULATING ODOR OF SMELLING SALTS REVIVES THE GIRL...

EASY, NOW... FEELING A LITTLE BETTER?

WHY W-WHAT HAP...?

NOW I REMEMBER... IT WAS GRANDMA'S GHOST AGAIN! YOU SEE, ZERO, I'M ENGAGED TO ALAN DEVON BUT GRANDMA AND GRANDPA HAVE ALWAYS HATED THE DEVONS. EVER SINCE THEY DIED AND LEFT ME THIS HOUSE, THEY'VE DONE EVERYTHING TO KEEP US FROM BEING MARRIED... I WAS JUST READING ALAN'S LETTER WHEN SHE CAME!

TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP NOW, MEL... I'LL PARK ON YOUR EASY CHAIR TONIGHT!

I'LL FEEL SAFER WITH YOU HERE... ALAN WILL BE HERE TOMORROW ANYWAY!

GROGGY FROM HIS TRIP, THE GHOST DETECTIVE SOON DOZES OFF...



SUDDENLY, HE IS RUDELY AWAKENED.

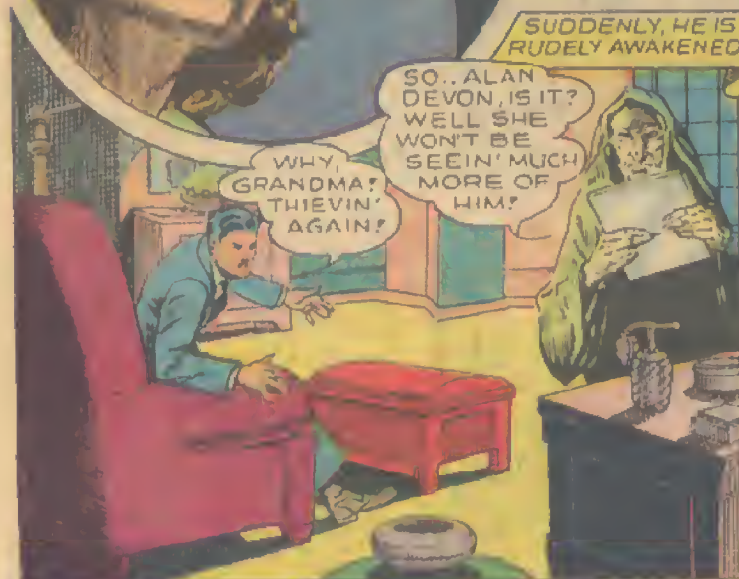
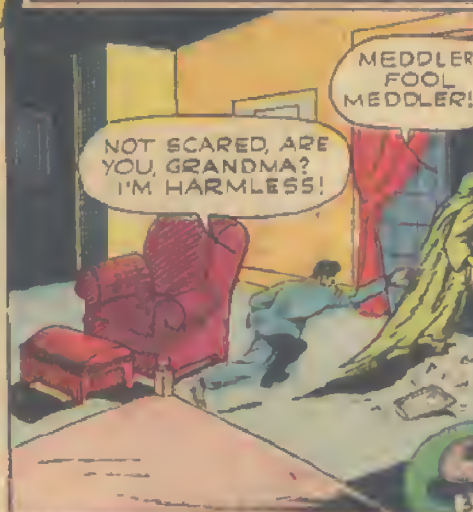
STARTLED, THE APPARITION DRIFTS TOWARD ESCAPE...

SO... ALAN DEVON, IS IT? WELL SHE WON'T BE SEEIN' MUCH MORE OF HIM!

WHY, GRANDMA? THIEVIN' AGAIN?

NOT SCARED, ARE YOU, GRANDMA? I'M HARMLESS!

MEDDLER! FOOL MEDDLER!





AND AS MADAME GHOST  
DISAPPEARS.

YOU WON'T BE  
SO LUCKY THE  
NEXT TIME WE  
MEET!



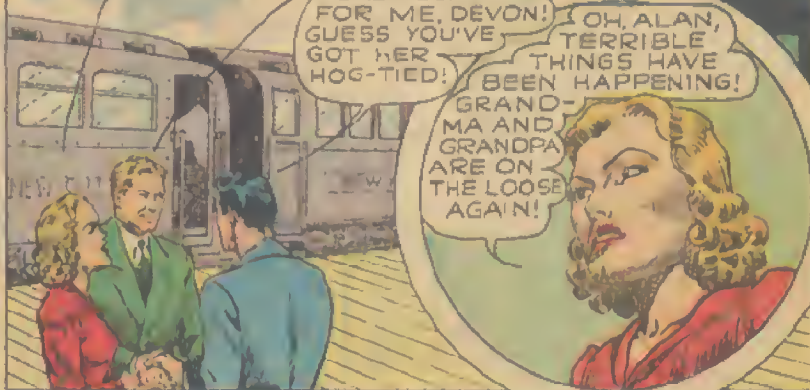
THE NEXT AFTERNOON . . .

ALAN, THIS  
IS ZERO. AN  
OLD FRIEND  
OF MINE!

IF MELANIE HADN'T  
SAID, "FRIEND," I  
MIGHT BE SUS-  
PICIOUS!

BAD LUCK  
FOR ME, DEVON!  
GUESS YOU'VE  
GOT HER  
HOG-TIED!

OH, ALAN,  
TERRIBLE  
THINGS HAVE  
BEEN HAPPENING!  
GRAND-  
MA AND  
GRANDPA  
ARE ON  
THE LOOSE  
AGAIN!



ANXIOUSLY, DEVON LISTENS TO  
MELANIE'S STORY THEN. . .

NEVER MIND, HONEY. WE'LL BE  
MARRIED RIGHT AWAY. IN THEIR  
OWN LIBRARY. I'LL SHOW THEM  
WE'RE NOT  
SCARED!

YES,  
ALAN,  
NOW!



WITH THE PREACHER  
IN TOW, THEY START  
BACK TO THE ROYTER  
ESTATE.

I'M NOT  
SO SURE  
OF THAT!

I DO  
HOPE  
NOTHING  
SPOILS OUR  
WEDDING!

DON'T WORRY..  
NOTHING  
WILL!



THAT NIGHT, A STRANGE WEDDING PARTY ASSEMBLES.

IF THERE IS ANYONE  
PRESENT WHO SEES FIT THAT  
THESE TWO SHALL NOT  
BE JOINED IN HOLY  
MATRIMONY, LET HIM  
SPEAK NOW OR  
FOREVER HOLD  
H.....



SUDDENLY, THE SILENCE OF THE  
ROOM IS SHATTERED BY THE  
SIMULTANEOUS SHRIEKS FROM TWO  
ETHERIAL FIGURES.

WE OBJECT!





HIS CLAW-LIKE HANDS GRIPPING ALAN'S THROAT, GRANDPA ROYTER SNARLS VIGILANTLY.

NO DURN FOOL IS AGOIN' TO MARRY MELANIE! EVER SINCE EBENEZER DEVON SANK MY GOLD BOX IN THE BAYOU 60 YEARS AGO, I'VE HATED ALL THE DEVONS!



HOWLING DELIGHTEDLY, GRANDMA APPLAUDS HER SPOUSE.

KILL HIM, JOHN! KILL HIM! HEE, HEE!



FEARLESSLY, ZERO LEAPS TOWARD THE BELLIGERENT GHOST.

NOT SO FAST, ROYTER! WE'LL HEAR ALAN'S STORY FIRST! UNDERSTAND?



AND AS THE STRANGLE HOLD IS BROKEN...

YOU'RE ALL WRONG ABOUT UNCLE EBENEZER, MR. ROYTER.. HE NEVER GANK YOUR BOX!



WHY YOU EVIL LYIN' WHIPPERSNAPPER! I'LL...

SIT TIGHT, GRANDPA! KEEP TALKIN' FELLA!

UNCLE'S WIFE WAS AN IDIOT!. SHE TOSSED EVERYTHING SHE COULD LAY HER HANDS ON INTO THE BAYOU.. POOR UNCLE TRIED TO PROTECT HER, I GUESS.



SHEEPLISHLY OFFERING BELATED BLESSINGS, THE ROYTERS DEPART FOR FINAL REST.

GOOD LUCK, MY CHILDREN!



IF YOUR LEGS AREN'T TOO UNSTEADY, DEVON, WE'LL GET ON WITH THE CEREMONY!



ANOTHER PAIR OF TROUBLESPOME SPIRITS SAFELY TUCKED AWAY, ZERO JOINS IN THE FESTIVITIES.

HM..NOT BAD.. NOT BAD AT ALL!

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!





# Samar



THE MIGHTY JUNGLE-MAN TREKS THROUGH HIS HOME HIGHLANDS. SUDDENLY HIS EYES RIVET UPON TWO GIANT CREATURES PERCHED ON A ROTTING LIMB. HORRIBLE HEAVEN-GER VULTURES.

UNFOLDING THEIR UGLY WINGS SLOWLY, THE BONY BIRDS OF DOOM ABANDON THEIR ROOST TO CIRCLE OVER THE VALLEY.

WHERE THEY STARTLE A SMALL BAND OF ARMED HUP! WARRIORS LED BY CHIEF MLUGO...



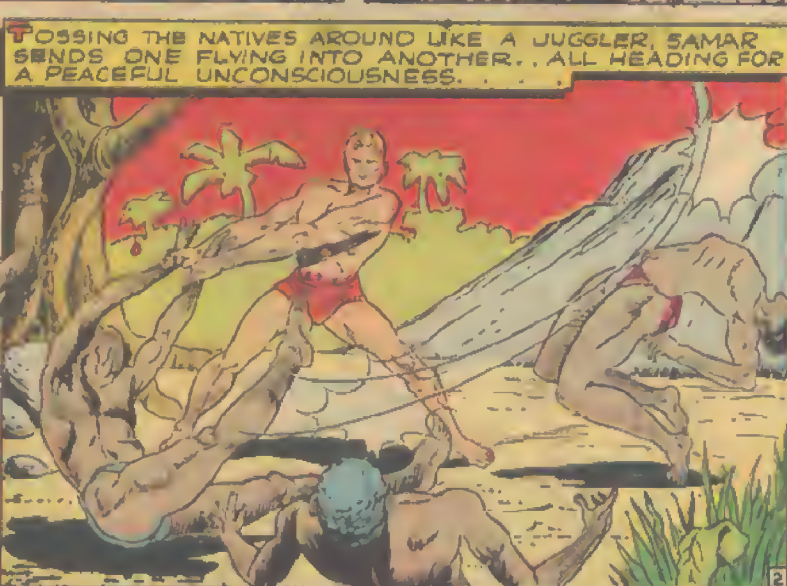
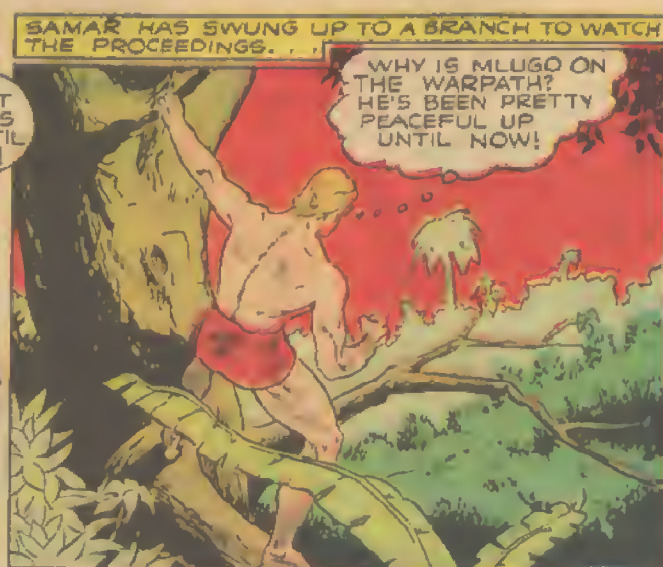
OUT FOR A MEAL, EH?



HO! EVIL BIRDS!

MAYBE THEY FIND FEAST.. SAMAR, I HOPE!







BUT THEY SPRING UP LIKE RUBBER MEN AND LACE INTO THE WHITE MAN AGAIN.



UNABLE TO RESIST SUPERIOR NUMBERS, SAMAR IS CAPTURED.



ON THE RIM OF THE VALLEY, A LION AND HIS MATE SNARL AT THE HUMAN SCENT.



MEANWHILE, THE WITCH DOCTOR SEES SAMAR COMING.



IF ANYONE'S TO DIE AROUND HERE...



THE WITCH DOCTOR SAILS THROUGH SPACE TO A FORCED LANDING SKEWERED ON A TRIBESMAN'S SPEAR.





BUT, DRAWN BY THE SCENT, THE LIONS STALK INTO THE HUPI VILLAGE.



THE NATIVES SCATTER IN UNCONTROLLED PANIC.



BUT WHEREVER THEY FLEE, THE LIONS ARE CLOSE BEHIND... TO KILL SWIFTLY AND CRUELLY.

MLUGO FLEES INTO THE WITCH DOCTOR'S SHRINE.



AND SAMAR DRAGS THE FAKIR IN...



AIEEEE! MY LEG!

SEE? YOUR OWN PEOPLE DESERT YOU WHEN YOU ARE WOUNDED AND NEED HELP!

THEN SAMAR LEAPS TO THE CLEARING TO BATTLE THE BEASTS ALONE.



FIERCELY THEY SPRING AT HIM, BUT SAMAR HOPS OUT OF THE WAY AND...



THERE! YOU BATTER YOUR BRAINS OUT!



BOTH TAWNY BEASTS LIE SENSELESS AT SAMAR'S FEET.

HO, MLUGO? COME OUT AND SEE WHAT I HAVE DONE!

YOU DID THAT?

YES..DO YOU BELIEVE NOW THAT IT IS UNWISE TO DEFY ME?

SEEING HIS PLOT TO KILL SAMAR FAIL, THE EVIL WITCHDOCTOR STAGGERS INTO THE FOREST.

MLUGO KILL ME..IF HE CATCH ME!

THE LIONESS COMES TO WITH A SNARL AND ADVANCES AGAIN UPON SAMAR

WATCH THIS, MLUGO, IF YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE I AM MIGHTIER THAN YOUR EVIL WITCH DOCTOR!

WITH BUT A SINGLE FRAIL KNIFE, SAMAR OPPOSES THE MIGHTY BEAST.

SOON THE LIONESS IS HELPLESS.

YOU WIN...I TELL YOU I WAS ALWAYS YOUR FRIEND UNTIL WITCH DOCTOR SAY YOU EVIL. I FIND YOU GOOD ENEMY..HIM BAD FRIEND?

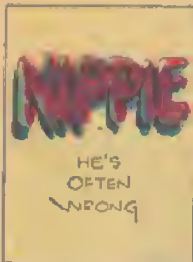
SATISFIED THAT MLUGO WILL STICK TO HIS BARGAIN, SAMAR LEAVES THE VILLAGE.

AN INSTANT LATER, SAMAR PERCEIVES THE SCAVENGERS' PREY.

HMM.. THE VULTURES AGAIN! NOW WHAT?

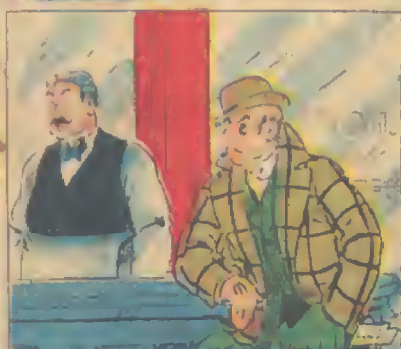
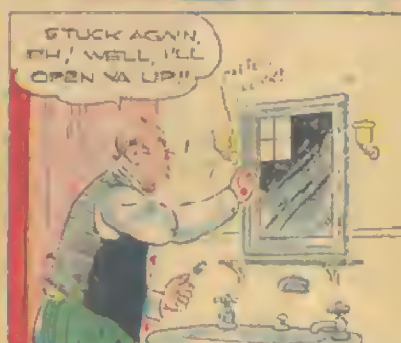
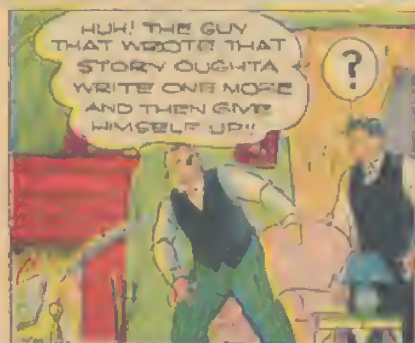
THE WITCH DOCTOR? WELL.. HE HAD IT COMING!



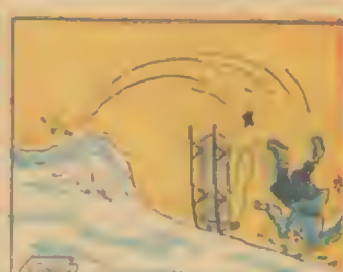
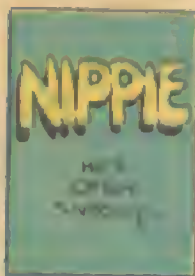


# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

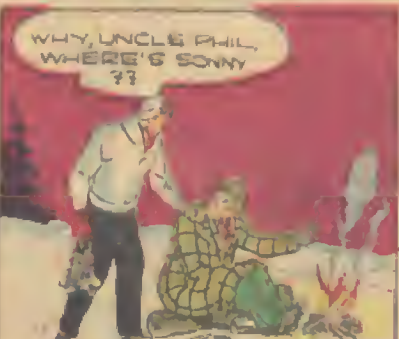






## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





# NIPPIE

YOU TOLD ME WHAT TO BUY. I DON'T NEED THIS LIST, MOTHER!!

WELL, HERE IT IS ANYWAY, AND HERE'S A DOLLAR TO PAY FOR IT!!

HUH... I CAN REMEMBER WHAT MA WANTED WITH OUT THAT OLD LIST.

O.K., NIPPIE. LET'S HAVE THE MONEY!!

GOSH... IT WAS THE DOLLAR THAT I THREW AWAY!!

## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOUR UNCLE PHIL SAID HIMSELF A BLACK EYE..

YES TOM, HE YANKED THE DOOR TO THE MEDICINE CHEST OPEN AND IT HIT HIM IN THE EYE!!

HA! HA! AND JUST WHEN YOU ALMOST CONVINCED HIM TO STAY AWAY FROM CLANCY'S SO HE WOULDN'T GET ANY..

HE SAID IF HE HAD GONE DOWN TO CLANCY'S IT WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!!

WELL, WELL, PHIL! WHO GAVE YOU THAT EYE?

NOBODY!

WHAT'D YAM EARN NOBODY? I SUPPOSE YOU WALKED INTO A DOOR!!

THAT'S JUST HOW I GOT IT, KILLEEN.. FROM A DOOR!!

HA! HA! WHY DON'T CHA TELL THE TRUTH? WHO WAS IT.. HOU LIHAN AGAIN??

LISTEN, KILLEEN. I'M IN NO MOOD FOR WISECRACKS... I GOT IT FROM THE DOOR TO THE MEDICINE CHEST!!

NO LITTLE DOOR COULD GIVE YOU SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SHINER!!

LISTEN, MR. THOMAS KILLEEN, HOW ABOUT MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS!!!

IF YOU'D MIND YOURS ONCE IN A WHILE YOU'D HAVE LESS BLACK EYES!!

KILLEEN! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER YOU REALIZE IT OR NOT, BUT YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE..

OH, YEAH? BY THE LOOKS OF THAT EYE, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ASKED FOR IT AND GOT IT!!!

I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME, KILLEEN, IT WAS A DOOR!!

DON'T INSULT MY INTELLIGENCE!! YOU TALKED OUT OF TOWN AND GOT CLIPPED.. AS USUAL!!

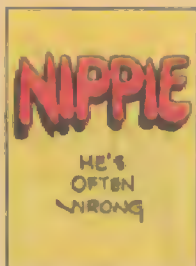
THAT'S ENOUGH, KILLEEN.. DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YA!!

NO, PHIL! DON'T!! WAIT! STOP!! PLEASE GRAB HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!! GRAB HIM, SIDNEY!!

TOO LATE!







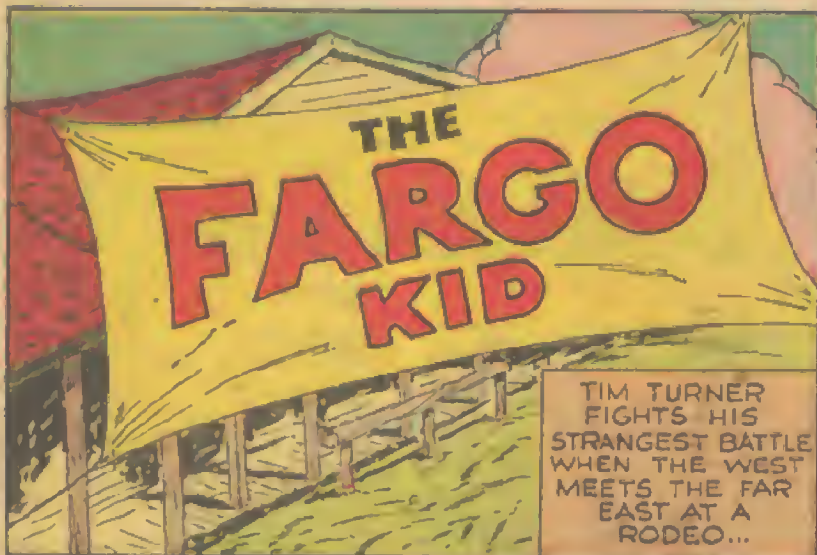
# MICKEY FINN

By LANK-LEONARD

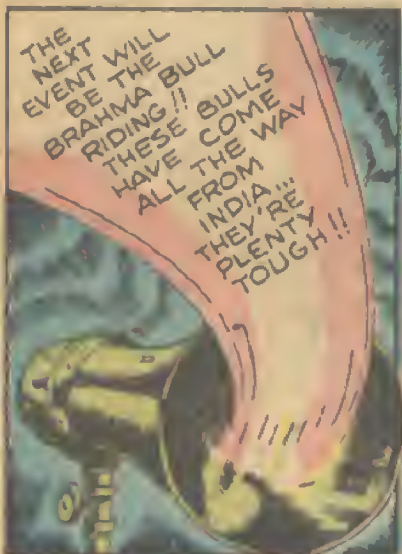


More of Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the April issue.





CROWDS THROG THE ARENA. BRONCO BUSTING GETS UNDER WAY...



ELMO WALLIS ON DYNAMITE...



HE'S THROWN IN 3 SECONDS...



NEXT-- MEL COLT ON CYCLONE...



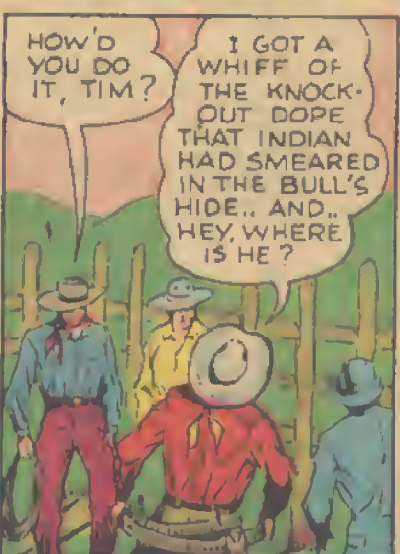
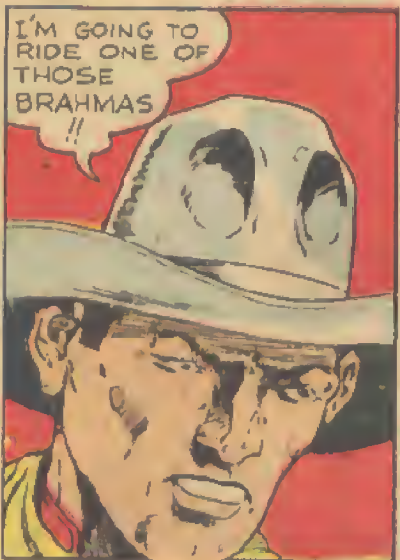
BUCK MASON ON TROUBLE DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE...



TIM TURNER, KNOWN AS THE FARGO KID, LOOKS ON, PUZZLED...









IN NO TIME THE FARGO KID IS IN THE SADDLE...

CATCH 'IM KING, BOY!!



THE INDIAN LIFTS A SMALL BLOW-PIPE TO HIS MOUTH..

OH, OH! THIS COYOTE MEANS BUSINESS!



WELL PARDNER YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT!!



NOT WISHING TO KILL HORSE OR RIDER, TURNER AIMS FOR THE GROUND BENEATH THE POUNDING HOOF.



THE STEED TRIPS AND TOSSES HIS RIDER WILD...



AND

NOW WHERE'D HE VANISH TO?



TIM SEARCHES THE WALLS OF THE CANYON...

WHAT'S THIS?

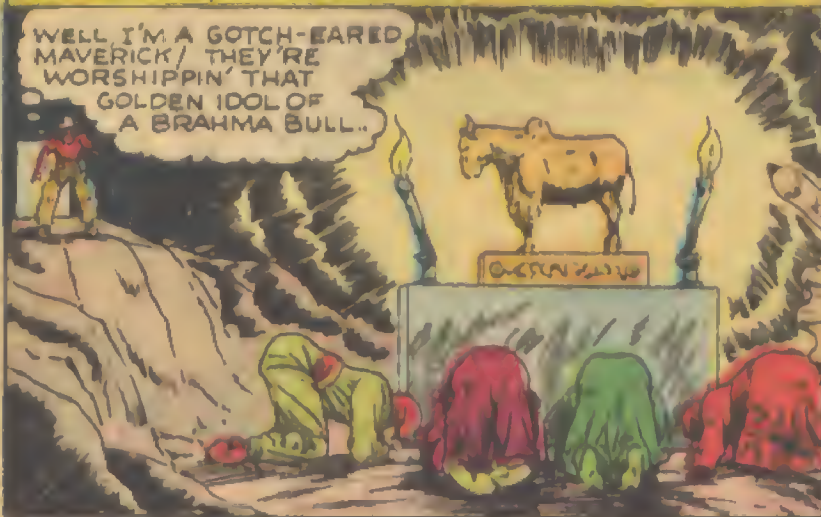


THIS ROCK'S ON A PIVOT... MUST BE AN ENTRANCE TO SOMEWHERE.





IN A DARK CAVE, THE FARGO KID BEHOLDS AN AMAZING SIGHT..



WELL I'M A GOTCH-EARED MAVERICK/ THEY'RE WORSHIPPIN' THAT GOLDEN IDOL OF A BRAHMA BULL..

SUDDENLY..



SAINTAR! INDU!



NOW FELLERS THOSE SWORDS ARE MIGHTY PRETTY.. BUT THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR BULLETS..



BUT THE INDIANS BEAR DOWN ON HIM..

SO YOU WANT PROOF.. OH! I FORGOT TO RELOAD...



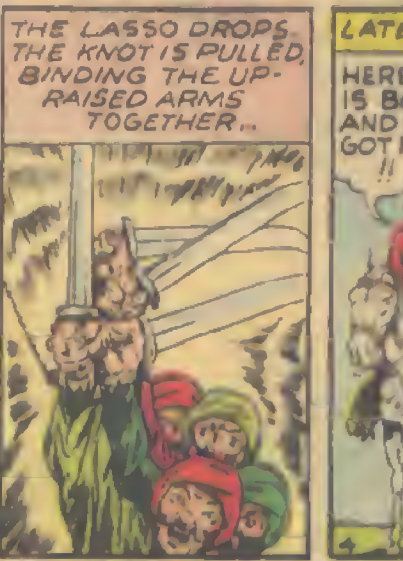
LIKE A STRIKING COBRA, TIM TACKLES THE INDIAN...

OOF!

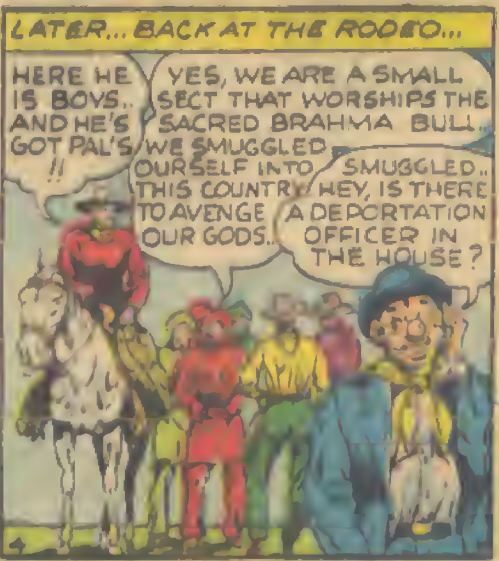


WITH A LEAP, HE GAINS A LEDGE AND FREES HIS ROPE.

COME AND GET IT!



THE LASSO DROPS. THE KNOT IS PULLED, BINDING THE UP-RAISED ARMS TOGETHER..



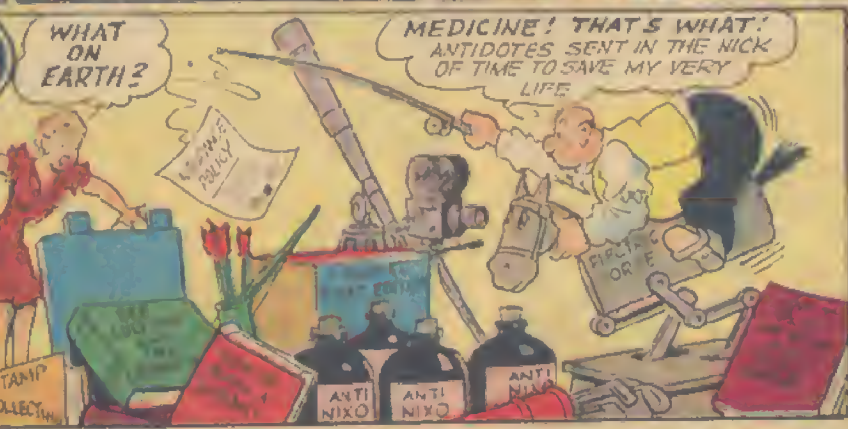
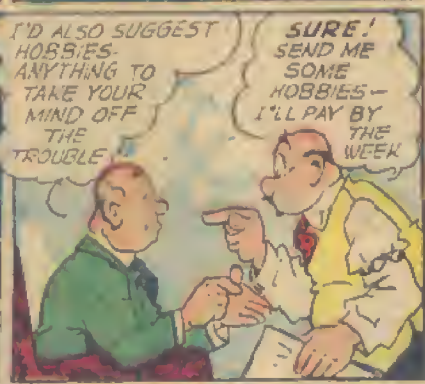
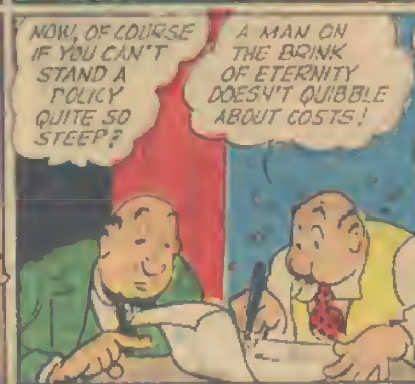
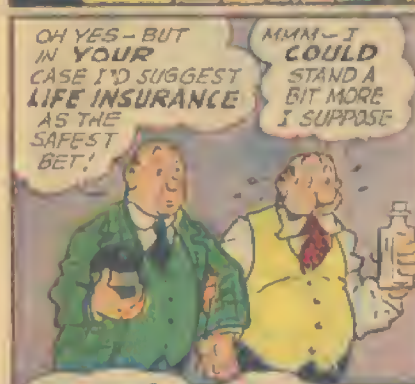
LATER... BACK AT THE ROODEO...

HERE HE IS BOYS.. YES, WE ARE A SMALL SECT THAT WORSHIPS THE SACRED BRAHMA BULL.. GOT PAL'S WE SMUGGLED OURSELF INTO THIS COUNTRY.. HEY, IS THERE TO AVENGE A DEPORTATION OFFICER IN THE HOUSE?

Watch for the next episode of The Fargo Kid in the April issue.



# LALA PALOOZA





# Lala PALOOZA

BUT LALA—WHO IS THIS LUG YOU'VE GOT A CRUSH ON?

LORD CRUMPET IS NO LUG—AND IF HE ASKS ME I'M GOING TO MARRY HIM!



I DON'T LIKE THIS—IF LALA MARRIES THIS LORD WHATCHALLIT SHE MIGHT CUT OFF MY ALLOWANCE



HELLO, VINCE—WHAT'S OUR HONORABLE LODGE PRESIDENT GOT ON HIS MIND

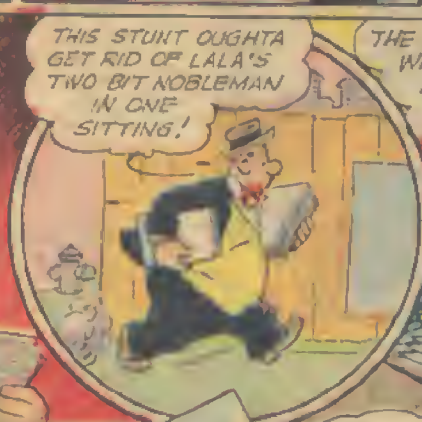
I WANT T'BORROW SOME PICTURES, CLANCY

DAILY BLADE MORGUE

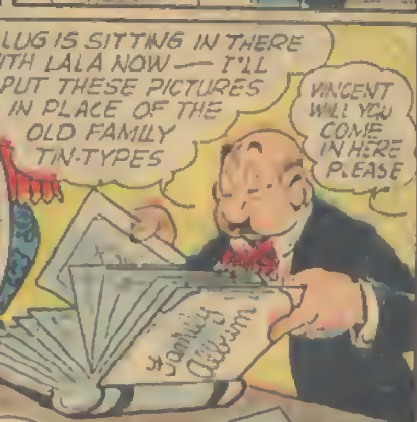


SURE, VINCE—WHAT D'YA WANT—WE HAVE ALL KINDS OF PICTURES

JUST LET ME PICK 'EM OUT FOR M'SELF, CLANCY



THIS STUNT OUGHTA GET RID OF LALA'S TWO BIT NOBLEMAN IN ONE SITTING!



THE LUG IS SITTING IN THERE WITH LALA NOW—I'LL PUT THESE PICTURES IN PLACE OF THE OLD FAMILY TINTYPES

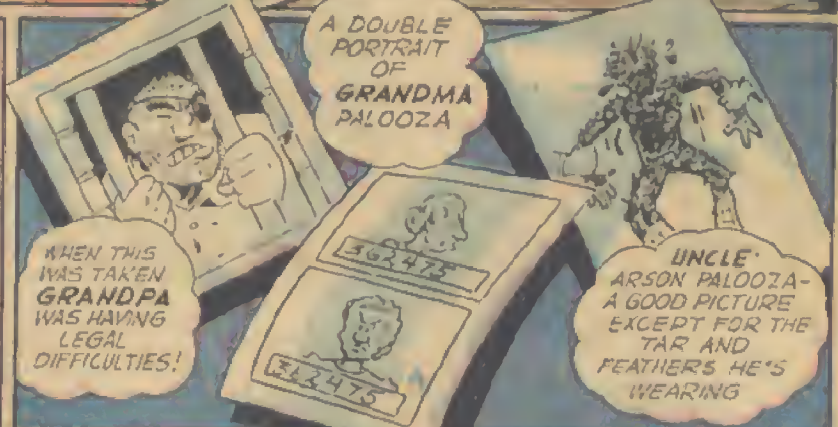
VINCENT WILL YOU COME IN HERE PLEASE



ENTERTAIN HIS LORDSHIP VINCENT WHILE I GET SOME REFRESHMENTS

SURE THING LALA—I'LL SHOW HIM OUR FAMILY ALBUM

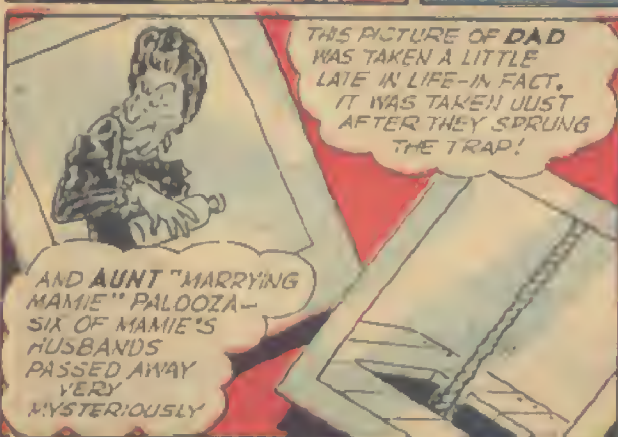
SPLENDID, OLD CHAP TOP HOLE!



A DOUBLE PORTRAIT OF GRANDMA PALOOZA

WHEN THIS WAS TAKEN GRANDPA WAS HAVING LEGAL DIFFICULTIES!

UNCLE ARSON PALOOZA—A GOOD PICTURE EXCEPT FOR THE TAR AND FEATHERS HE'S WEARING



THIS PICTURE OF DAD WAS TAKEN A LITTLE LATE IN LIFE—IN FACT, IT WAS TAKEN JUST AFTER THEY SPRUNG THE TRAP!

AND AUNT "MARRYING MAMIE" PALOOZA—SIX OF MAMIE'S HUSBANDS PASSED AWAY VERY MYSTERIOUSLY



VINCENT, WHERE'S LORD CRUMPET?

I DON'T KNOW, LALA—HE RUSHED OUT MUMBLING SOMETHING ABOUT HAVING TO CATCH THE CHINA CLIPPER!



# SWING SISSON

by

PHIL  
MARTIN

AT THE SWANK CLOVER CLUB IN NEW YORK, SWING SISSON IS BILLED AS THE BATTling BAND LEADER. WITH HIS PALS, TOBY TUCKER, SAX PLAYER, AND BONNIE BAXTER, VOCALIST, SWING NOW FINDS HIMSELF IN A FIGHT TO THE FINISH WITH THAT FANTASTIC FIEND KNOWN AS THE MAESTRO!



LOOK AT THIS! THAT CRAZY THIEF WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE MAESTRO, RAIDED ANOTHER NIGHT CLUB LAST EVENING!

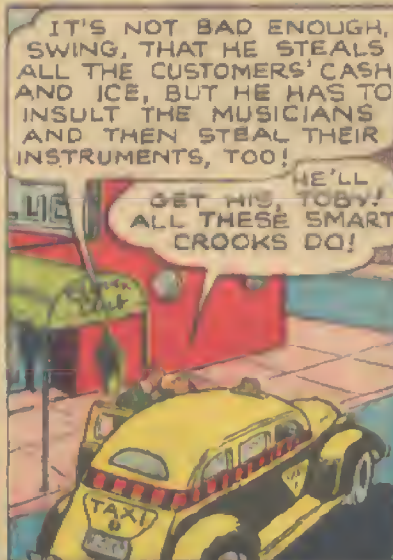
BRRR!  
I HOPE HE STAYS AWAY FROM THE CLOVER CLUB!

IT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH, SWING, THAT HE STEALS ALL THE CUSTOMERS' CASH AND ICE, BUT HE HAS TO INSULT THE MUSICIANS AND THEN STEAL THEIR INSTRUMENTS, TOO!

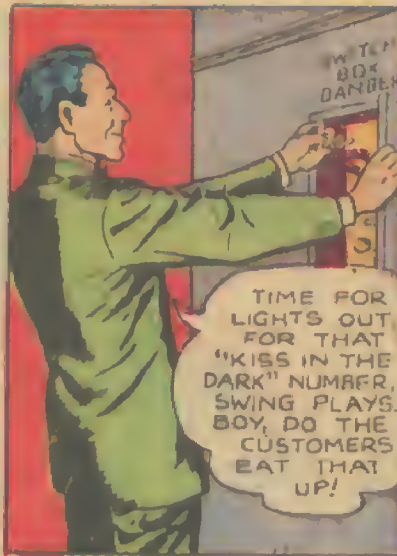
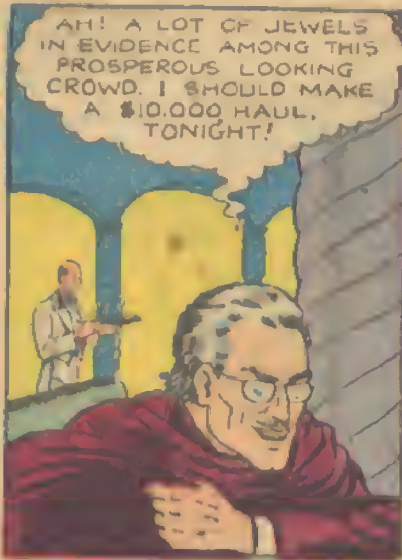
HE'LL GET HIS, TOBY! ALL THESE SMART CROOKS DO!

LATER, INSIDE THE CLOVER CLUB...

RIGHT THIS WAY, SIR. I HAVE ONE VERY GOOD TABLE LEFT!







AS THE MAESTRO WEAVES SLOWLY THROUGH THE DARKNESS, HIS THUMB PRESSED A BUTTON ON THE HANDLE OF THE BATON....





SO THAT PHONEY HAS COME HERE AT LAST! BOY, OH BOY! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CRACK AT HIM!

THIS IS ONE JOB YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH, MAESTRO!

BUT JUST BEFORE TOBY CAN AID SWING, THE GAS TAKES ITS TOLL....

IT'S GETTING ...ME...TOO....

ALL OVER THE NIGHT CLUB, THE PATRONS DROP LIKE POISONED FLIES....

FOOLS! MAYBE NOW YOU WILL NO MORE COME TO THESE MODERN TEMPLES OF SIN WHERE THE GENTLE ARTS OF MUSIC AND DANCING ARE CORRUPTED BY FOUL BOOGIE-WOOGIE MUSIC AND IDIOTIC JITTERBUGGING!!

BUT ENOUGH OF THIS! I MUST REAP MY SPOILS!!

HERE'S A THOUSAND DOLLARS RIGHT IN THESE TWO BAUBLES!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...THE MAESTRO DEPARTS..

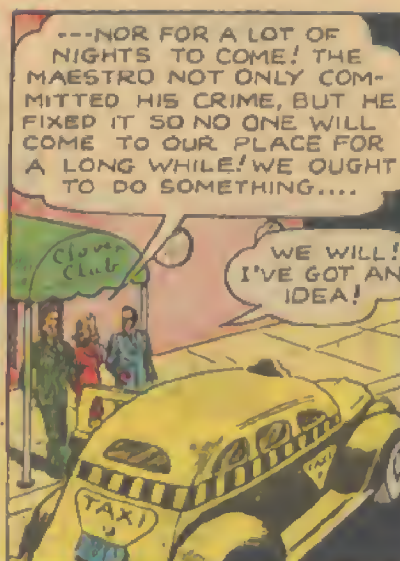
AFTER THE EFFECT OF THE FUMES WEARS OFF...

NO ONE CAN OUTSMART ME--THE SMARTEST THIEF IN THE WORLD!!

STEADY, KID. IT'S ALL OVER. THE MAESTRO HAS GONE!

OOH! WHAT A HORRIBLE CREATURE!





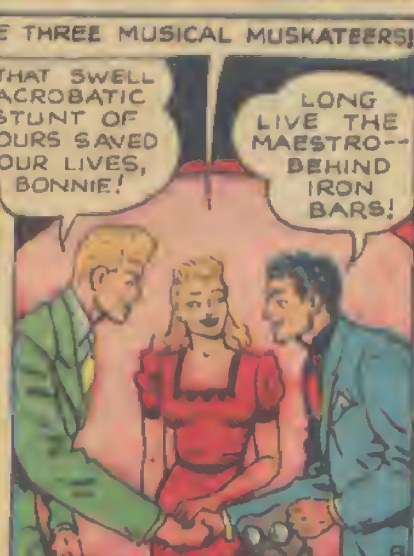








JUST THEN..BONNIE APPEARS.



More daring deeds of Swing Sisson in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# REYNOLDS

ARM  
PINYAU

## OF THE MOUNTED

DEATH STRIKES, AND A WAVE OF FEAR AND TERROR SPREADS OVER ROARING RIVER LUMBER CAMP AS SERGEANT JIM REYNOLDS AND FLATFOOT CHARLIE ARE CALLED UPON TO INVESTIGATE THE GHOST MURDERS....

THE ROARING RIVER LUMBER CAMP WORKS AT HIGH SPEED FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE....

BUT WHEN THEY PULL THE BODY ASHORE.....

HE'S DEAD!  
WHY-THERE  
ARE NO  
BULLET  
WOUNDS!

IT  
CAN'T  
BE-

WE  
HEARD  
TH' SHOTS!

SUDDENLY  
TWO  
SHOTS  
FILL  
THE  
AIR.....

LOOK! FOSTER'S  
SHOT-HE'S  
FALLING INTO  
TH' RIVER!

WE'LL  
GET  
'IM!



LIKE WILDFIRE, THE STORY OF THE LUMBERJACK'S DEATH SPREADS...



THE LOGGING TRAIN MAKES ITS WAY DOWN THE TRACKS....



SUDDENLY AS IT CROSSES THE LITTLE BRIDGE....



LATER—A HUGE LUMBERJACK TALKS TO HIS FELLOW WORKERS.....



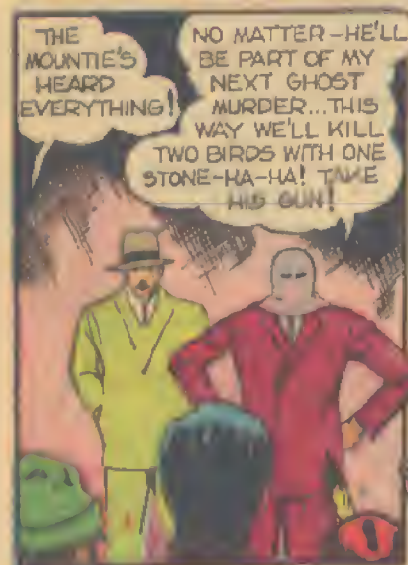
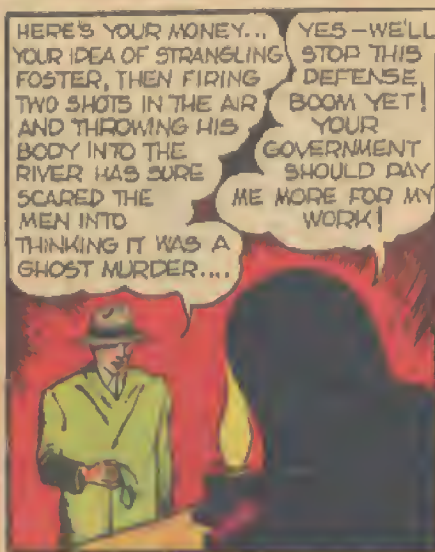
THAT CARLO IS A TOUGH 'UN, SERGEANT... BETTER KEEF AN EYE ON 'IM!



THAT NIGHT...











MINUTES, HOURS, PASS....



THE LOGGERS GET TO WORK AS THERE IS A HARD DAY AHEAD.



WHILE UP ON A BLUFF...



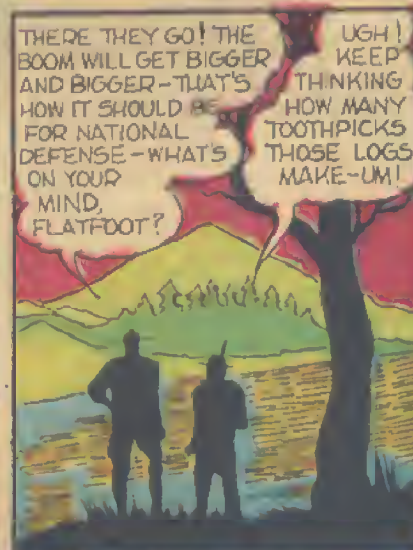
AS THE TERRIFIED AGENT RUNS BLINDLY, HE TRIPS...







THE TREEMING MASS OF HUGE LOGS  
MOVE DOWN THE RIVER...



Read Reynolds Of The Mounted each month in FEATURE COMICS.

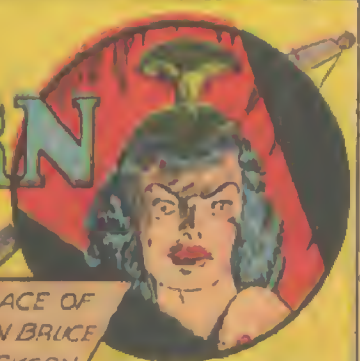


# Captain BRUCE BLACKBURN

*in*  
**KISS**  
*of the*  
**COBRA**

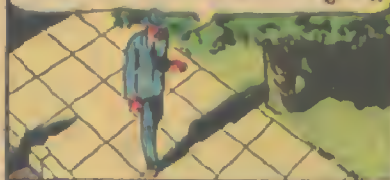
*by*  
**Arley**  
*Lowell*  
**Conner**

ONCE MORE OPPOSING THAT ACE OF  
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, CAPTAIN BRUCE  
BLACKBURN AND HIS DOUBLE, JACKSON,  
IS SONYA; DEADLY, BEAUTIFUL SUPERSPY



NIGHT, AND BRUCE WALKS  
THROUGH WASHINGTON.

WONDER WHAT'S BEHIND  
THOSE DEATH THREATS TO  
THE DEFENSE MAGNATES,  
SIGNED "THE COBRA"? **GOSH!**



PROBABLY SOME  
HARMLESS-- **WOW!**



THAT **ARROW'S** NOT  
**HARMLESS!** I'LL LOOK AT  
IT--



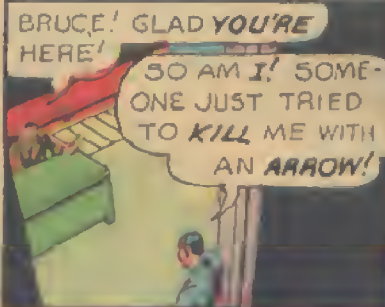
NOW, **WHERE THE BLAZES**  
DID THAT **ARROW** GO?



LATER, OFFICE OF COL JORDAN  
CHIEF OF INTELLIGENCE

BRUCE! GLAD YOU'RE  
HERE!

SO AM I! SOME-  
ONE JUST TRIED  
TO KILL ME WITH  
AN **ARROW!**



NEVER MIND **THAT!** THOSE  
3 DEFENSE MAGNATES  
ARE **DEAD!**

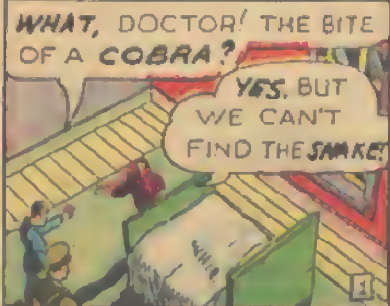
**WHAT!**  
LET'S LOOK  
INTO THIS!



HOME OF ROTOM, FIRST OF  
THE MAGNATES TO DIE!

**WHAT,** DOCTOR! THE BITE  
OF A **COBRA?**

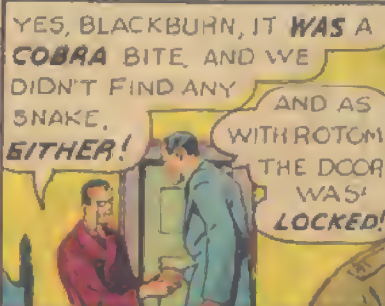
**YES,** BUT  
WE CAN'T  
FIND THE **SNAKE!**



HOME OF KNAT, SECOND  
VICTIM TO DIE!

YES, BLACKBURN, IT **WAS** A  
**COBRA** BITE, AND WE  
DIDN'T FIND ANY  
SNAKE,  
**EITHER!**

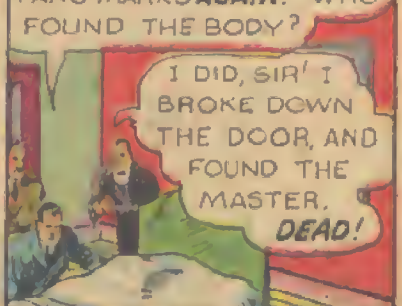
AND AS  
WITH ROTOM,  
THE DOOR  
WAS  
**LOCKED!**



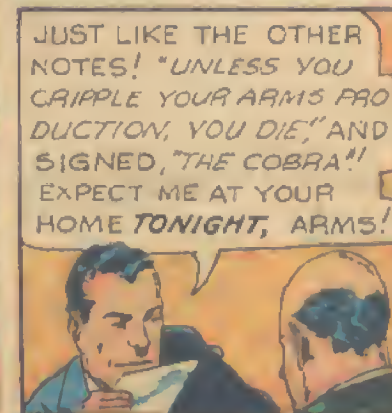
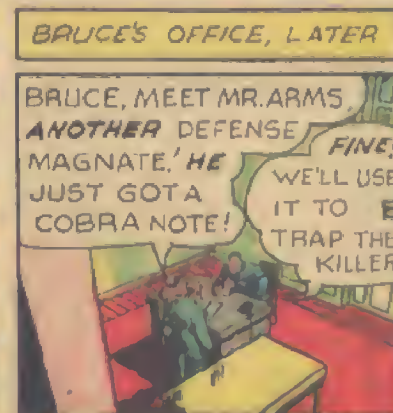
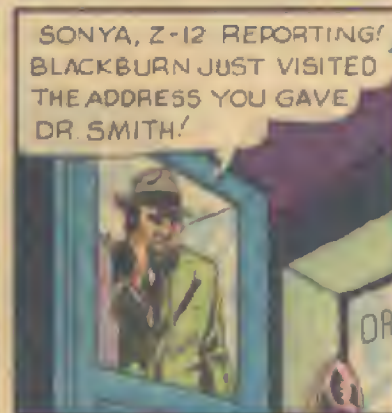
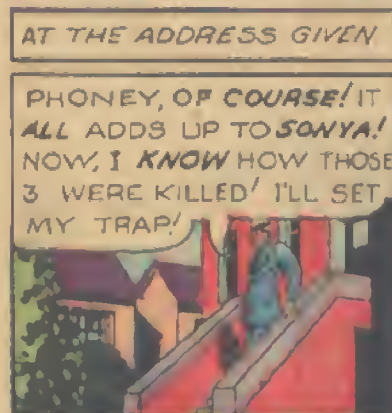
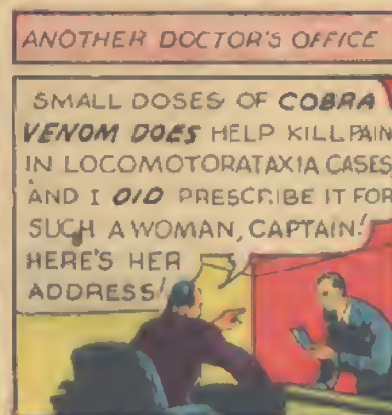
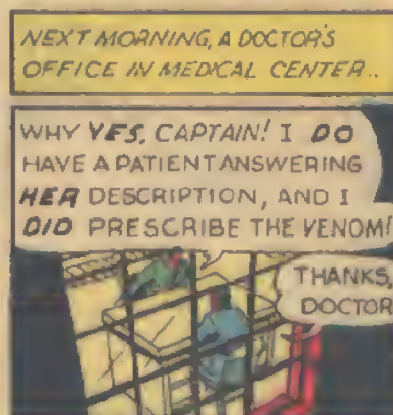
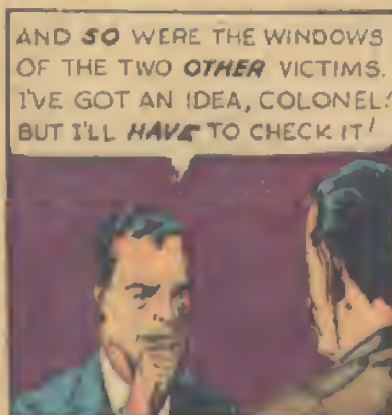
HOME OF THE THIRD VICTIM

FANG MARKS **AGAIN!** WHO  
FOUND THE BODY?

I DID, SIR! I  
BROKE DOWN  
THE DOOR, AND  
FOUND THE  
MASTER,  
**DEAD!**









BRUCE CALLS IN HIS DOUBLE

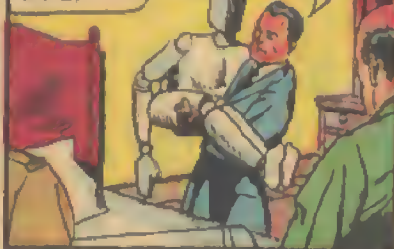
JACKSON, HANG AROUND THOSE DOCTORS' OFFICES. IF YOU SPOT SONYA, FOLLOW HER! IT'S A LONG CHANCE, BUT—

'RIGHT, BRUCE!



THAT NIGHT, AT ARMS' HOME.

NOW, ARMS, **FIRST** I'LL PUT THIS **DUMMY** IN YOUR BED.—



PLUG IN THIS **WIRE**, PUT ON MY RUBBER GLOVES. COLONEL —

I DON'T GET THE **IDEA**, BRUCE!



TURN OUT THE LIGHTS, AND KEEP OUT OF **SIGHT**!



THERE HE IS! **BLACKBURN**, ALL RIGHT!

A **LUCKY BREAK**!

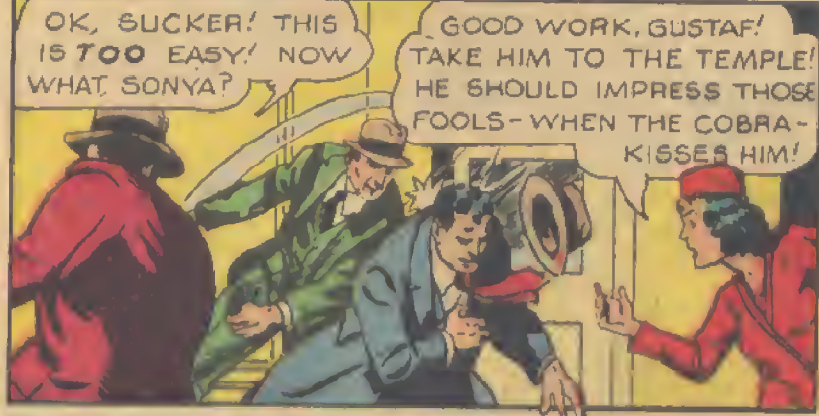
ANTIQUES

MEANWHILE, JACKSON SEES AND FOLLOWS SONYA.



OK, SUCKER! THIS IS **TOO EASY**! NOW WHAT, SONYA?

GOOD WORK, GUSTAF! TAKE HIM TO THE TEMPLE! HE SHOULD IMPRESS THOSE FOOLS—WHEN THE COBRA-KISSES HIM!



BACK IN ARMS' BEDROOM.

WHAT'S THAT **LIGHT**, BRUCE?

IT'S THE **KILLER**! CAREFUL!



WHAT'S THAT **HISS** AND **THUD**!

YOUR **COBRA**, COLONEL! LOOK OUT!



BRUCE THROWS THE WIRE.



AND, IN A WINDOW ACROSS FROM ARMS' APARTMENT!



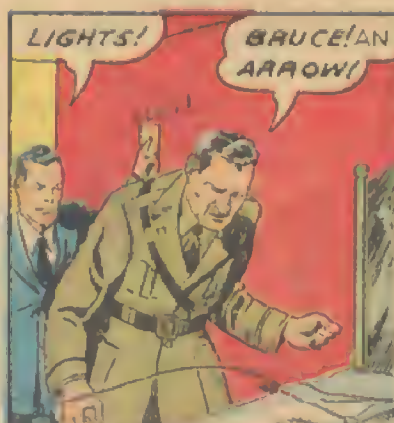




E-E-E-YAH!

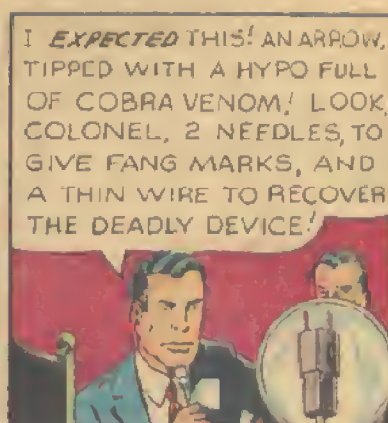
WHAT'S THAT?

THE COBRA'S BOSS!

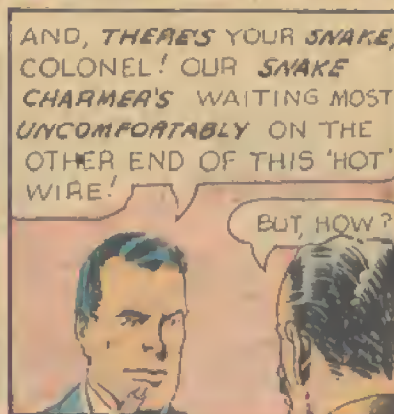


LIGHTS!

BRUCE! AN ARROW!



I EXPECTED THIS! AN ARROW, TIPPED WITH A HYPO FULL OF COBRA VENOM! LOOK, COLONEL, 2 NEEDLES, TO GIVE FANG MARKS, AND A THIN WIRE TO RECOVER THE DEADLY DEVICE!



AND, THERE'S YOUR SNAKE, COLONEL! OUR SNAKE CHARMER'S WAITING MOST UNCOMFORTABLY ON THE OTHER END OF THIS 'HOT' WIRE!

BUT, HOW?



COME ON, COLONEL! WE'LL PERSUADE HIM TO LEAD US TO THE COBRA'S DEN!

IN THE ROOM ACROSS THE STREET FROM ARMS' HOME.

THERE HE IS! KNOCKED OUT BY THE CURRENT I SHOT INTO HIS ARROW RECOVERY WIRE! I'LL BRING HIM AROUND!

A BOW AND ARROW! OF ALL THINGS, BRUCE!



FIVE MINUTES LATER

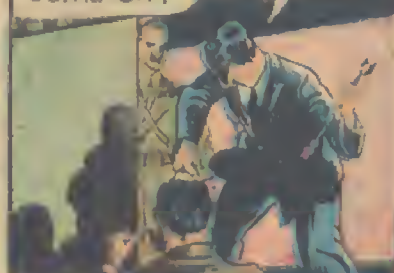
UNLESS YOU WANT THIS IN YOUR NECK, TALK! WHERE'S SONYA? WHAT'S BEHIND THIS? GIVE!

NO-NO-!



-THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND SONYA! WE'VE BEEN USING A FAKE COBRA WORSHIP CULT TO SCARE DEFENSE WORKERS INTO ACTS OF SABOTAGE! YOU! YOU ESCAPED!

ESCAPED? COLONEL, THEY HAVE JACKSON! NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE! COME ON!

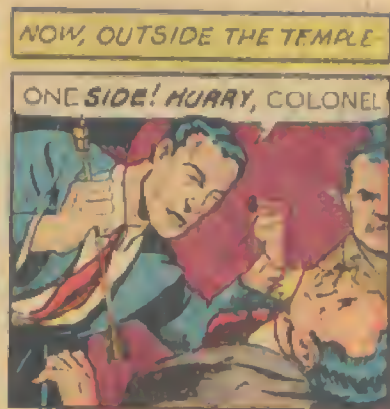


MEANWHILE, AT THE TEMPLE OF THE COBRA, AS SONYA, THE "PRIESTESS", INTONES-

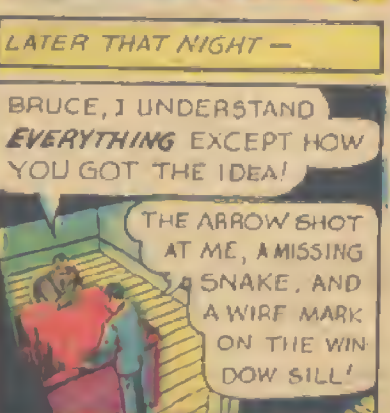
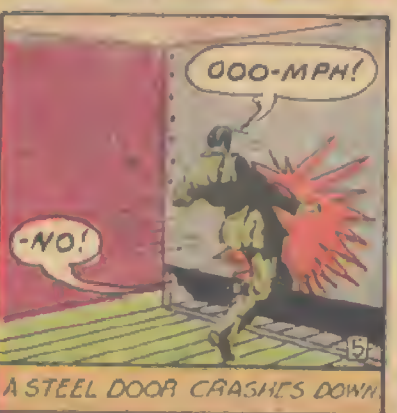
I, PRIESTESS HYMANDRYAD, KEEPER OF THE SACRED COBRA DECREE THE KISS OF THE COBRA FOR THIS SACRIFICE!







DESPERATELY, BRUCE HURLS THE DEADLY ARROW AT SONYA! IT MISSES SONYA - BUT -



Another adventure of Bruce Blackburn in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# UNCLE SAM MAKES A HOMER

Flying high over the craggy west coast, Lieut. Henry Chisholm, of the U. S. Navy Blue Star attack squadron, looked below and saw at least three Oregon towns blacked out simultaneously. He could imagine—but not hear—the air raid sirens wailing down there. This would forestall any bombing by the "Japs," who were somewhere out over the Pacific, waiting for the Navy boys to quit the skies.

For two months now, the Navy flyers, as fine a bunch of aviators as existed, had been holding off the "Japanese." But the Japs were getting desperate. They had given plenty of trouble to the infantry, and their armored tank divisions had mopped up on several fighting units on the northwest border. Their raiders had spilled "eggs" on Muroc Dry Lake practice field, and even penetrated the U. S. Army's crack signal corps strung along a borderline of several hundred miles.

But tonight there would be no air raids, of that Lieut. Chisholm was certain. In fact, he had made a wager with the Flight Commander that if one Jap slipped through the tight flying unit that night, he would turn in his Wings.

It was about thirty minutes later that Lieut. Chisholm picked up a blanket radiocast that blasted the ether from F991, a scout squadron ship on active duty over the vicinity of Salem, Oregon. The message was brief and threatening: Salem was being attacked from the air by a horde of Jap bombers.

But how? Lieut. Chisholm asked him perplexedly. How could the enemy slip through that armada of watchful scouts? There must be a weak link in the signal corps' set-up. But what

could it be? They used garbled radio signals, which could only be deciphered with the correct machine. He was certain that the enemy had not captured one of the devices. The signal corps was using a set of brand new lights and wig-wags, too. And certainly their homing pigeon outfit was the best in the entire army.

Commander Daniels' urgent message came through then: "All Blue Star attack squadron flyers head for Salem to engage enemy bombers."

"Now we are in for a nice juicy dog-fight!" said Lieut. Chisholm to the silence of his cabin. "And I thought we might squeeze some time out tonight and indulge in a bit of fun!"

Real warfare wasn't at all like the mock warfare they had practiced for months, thought Lieut. Chisholm. Then the bombs had been fakes, their machine-gun bursts were tracers without a sting. Even the anti-aircraft fire had been minus the exploding shells. But the vicious Japanese attacks on the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands had ended all of that, now they played for keeps.

It was an outsider who spotted the weakness in the army's home defense units. Perry Scott, sailing a small ketch in Coos Bay, saw a funny thing happen. Two white homing pigeons sailed over him, winging their way to the army headquarters on shore. He knew that part of the fleet was anchored a few miles off the shoreline, and that the home defense unit was using homers for carrying vital messages of the land and air forces' movements.

"They sure do make time!" observed Perry, as the pair of birds sped into the distance. Then he heard a burst of gun fire and, still watching the vanishing birds, saw them fall into the sea.

"Hmmm!" said Perry. Then he noticed a Japanese launch about two hundred yards off, making great speed toward the two birds, now floating on the surface. "So that's how they're tapping valuable information, and checkmating the moves of the defense units!" exclaimed Perry. He put on more sail and scooted for shore. He would have to tell the commanding officer about this. Maybe there was something that could be done to prevent further occurrences of the same thing.

Colonel Higgins was a fat, jovial person—at least he was jovial when things were going pretty much his way. At the moment, however, all the furies were seething in his expansive chest. In fact, he was storming and stomping when the aide showed Perry Scott into his presence.

"Well?" he bellowed. "What the devil—" Then he got control of himself and his red face relaxed a trifle.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said Perry. "But I believe I have just discovered something you'll be interested in learning."



"Go on, young man!"

Perry told him what he'd seen sailing toward shore.

"Well, I'll be a one-eyed her-ring!" roared the belligerent colonel. "But so what! They've already managed to decode our radio messages, and now they know our signal system. This—this—" Colonel Higgins waved his arms and plopped into his swivel chair. "This floors me, young man! This ruins us. We'll be attacked from all sides, bottled up, and what are we to do? Our



homing outfit was our ace in the hole. Bah!"

Perry Scott hazarded, "I was about to suggest a plan to thwart the enemy, sir, but perhaps I'd better work it out more thoroughly first. I'll bring you a report in the morning."

The Colonel didn't answer. He automatically saluted, but kept on sitting, with a stunned expression. After all, these battles were important to the welfare and morale of America and one couldn't tamper with that in war time. Hence the Colonel's beaten attitude.

Perry didn't feel much better than the officer as he hurried across the cantonment. He had a plan, yes, but it was as yet an untried plan. It just might work. *Might!*

That night, Perry drove into town, without waiting to see his brother in barracks. Dwight would be crest-fallen; no use in getting the lad all hopped up over something that might turn out to be a dud.

At five o'clock the next morning, Perry hired an amphib and flew a hundred miles down the coast to the small town of Medford, California. There, he had a friend who engaged in a very profitable business. Perry brought the ship down near shore and signalled a fisherman to come out and take him off. A half hour later he was talking to his friend.

Perry unfolded his plan, a fantastic one, to be sure, but one which his friend thought might work.

"Course," observed the lank rancher, "The stunt has never been tried, but that's no say-so it won't work. These critters are funny, an' they have some pretty sound ways 'bout 'em. Take as many as you want, Perry, an' good luck!"

With the rowboat filled with square boxes, Perry headed for the amphib. It was only a matter of a few minutes to load the ship and take off.

Less than an hour later, Perry landed off shore from the army headquarters. A launch took his cargo off. A few minutes later he



was in conversation with Col. Higgins.

"You see," he explained, "there is only one way to try the stunt and that's to put it into practice. If it works, it may solve everything—"

"May!" yelled the Colonel "If it works, it will win the war for us! I give you full authority. Do as you wish. Here's an official order."

Perry thanked the officer and hurried out of the H. Q. office. His next step was to pile the boxes aboard a bomber and take off. The question had arisen: what will you do if you're tagged by the Japanese? Perry had thought of a way out, and he showed the plane's crew a little later. When they were over sector L233, he pressed the bomb bay lever and out dropped one of the boxes fastened to a 'chute. In the box was a message: "Chloroform a dozen of them, place in a mailing tube and send to Portland." The Jap spies will never think of looking in Uncle Sam's mail.

"If we're tagged," said the co-pilot, "we'll have to land and unload. That's a swell idea of yours, using the 'chutes."

When all the boxes were dropped on the various sectors within a radius of three hundred miles, the bomber was flown back to H. Q. landing field.

"Now what?" Colonel Higgins demanded.

"We fooled the Japs," Perry replied. "Dropped 'em by 'chute, with orders in each box to mail a dozen of each to Portland. One of your spies can pick up the mailing tubes tomorrow at the Portland postoffice. I'll carry on from there. Only half the idea is proved as yet."

The Colonel nodded morosely. "Sounds like a crack-brained stunt, but we gotta try. Tomorrow's the deadline for the blitz. If messages don't come in from all ships of the fleet, and from each of the land sectors, we're finished!"

Perry had prepared several hundred tiny tissue paper squares, about the size of postage stamps. These were for the messages—one to be fastened to each of the carriers.

By two that afternoon, all the sectors had received their mailing tube, with these instructions: "Write message on square, fasten to carrier, revive, then turn loose."

At 5:45 that evening, Col. Higgins, Perry, and a lot of officers were standing in front of H. Q. A square wooden box stood nearby. Life could be heard inside it—life that might prove that a lad's fantastic scheme might be one of the most valuable in warfare message delivery.

At exactly 6:05, one of the officers watching the wooden box shouted, "Look—they're here!" He made a dive toward the box, followed by all the others. With gloved hands he had caught two of the carriers, identified by the white square of paper attached to the creature. The message gave the location of a ship twenty miles at sea, with other pertinent information.

"Good gosh!" yelled the Colonel. "It worked! Lad, you've got something there!"

Perry grinned. "Just proves that bees come home!"

**READ THE FLYING SAMBAN  
ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT ADVENTURE  
IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF  
Adventure COMICS  
ON SALE FEBRUARY 25TH**



# RUSTY RYAN

and the boyville brigadiers — <sup>by</sup> Paul Gustavson

**SIX** BOYS PLEDGED TO UPHOLD  
THE AMERICAN WAY...

ON A PAID EXPENSE TOUR  
OF THE COUNTRY THE  
BRIGADIERS ARE STILL  
IN NEW YORK...

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY  
IN FRONT OF A NEW YORK  
BANK...

C'MON  
IN.. WE'RE  
GONNA  
DO IT!!

WE? NOT ME..  
I'M NO DOPE! YOU  
DO IT IF YOU WANT  
TO.. BUT NOT ME!



SSSY! LOOK.. I GO  
IN... SEE.. BULLS  
HERE.. BULLS  
THERE.. BULLS  
ALL AROUND ME..  
IT'S A CINCH..  
C'MON!!  
HUH??

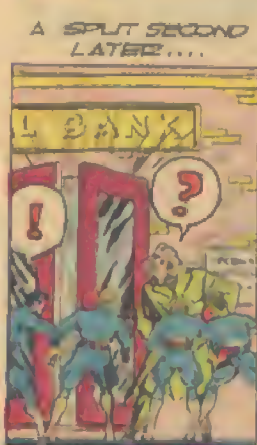
NORE!!

WHY?  
**WHY?**  
CAN YOU  
GIVE ME  
ONE  
GOOD  
REASON  
?

SURE.. I THINK  
YOU'RE CRAZY!!

OH! IF THAT'S ALL  
THAT'S WORRYIN' YA..  
HERE'S A DOCTOR'S CERTIF..  
..CERTIF.. PAPER THAT  
SAYS I'M... ASK  
THEM!!





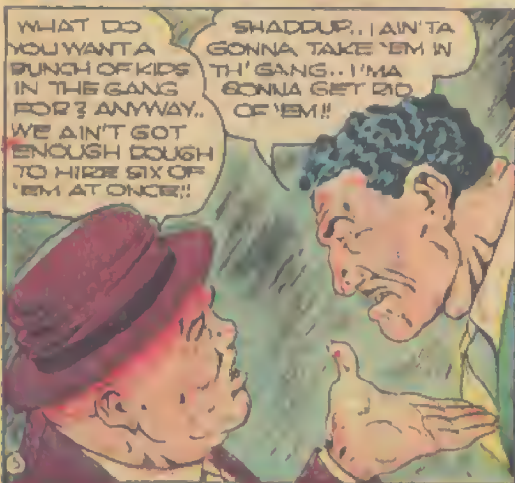








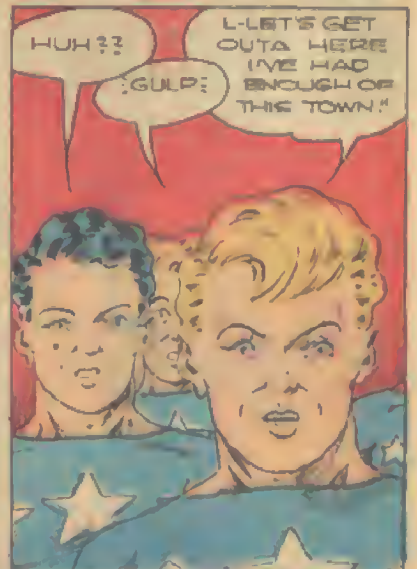






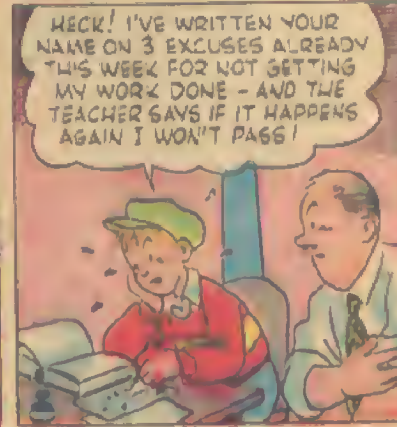
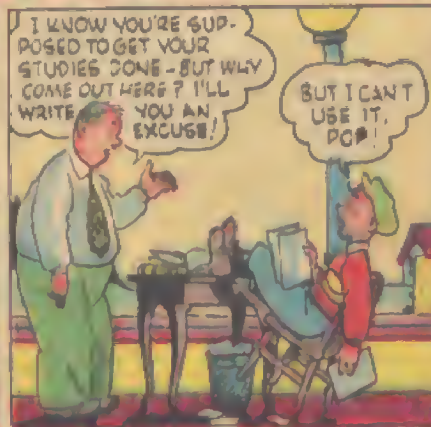
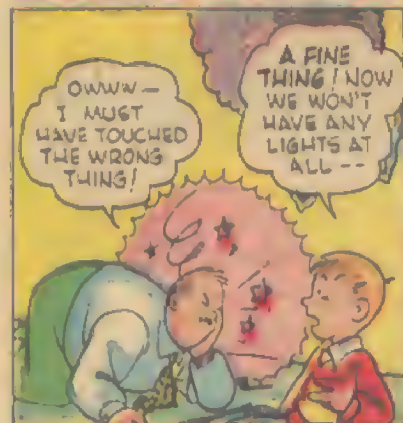
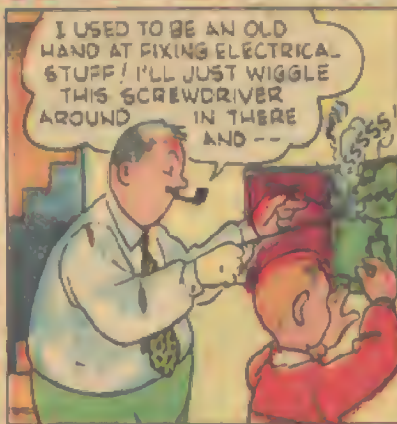
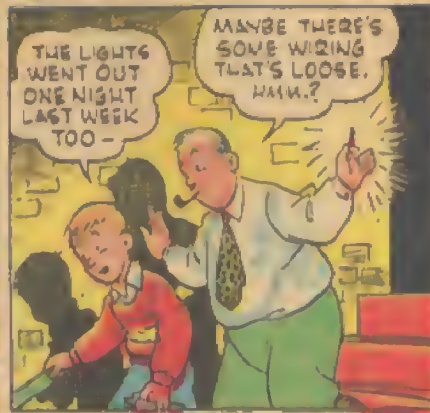


LATER AT THE BANK.. AFTER HOURS OF TALKING BY CHORTY.



Rusty Ryan and The Boyville Brigadiers appear each month in FEATURE COMICS.





Watch for the April issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale February 25th.



# POISON IVY

THE NIGHTMITE

BY-SILL FOX-

POISON, THIS IS A BLOCK OF THE HEAVIEST METAL IN THE WORLD WHICH I INVENTED.. I ASKED YOU TO COME HERE 'CAUSE YOU ARE THE STRONGEST HUMAN ON EARTH! I WANT YOU TO TRY AND LIFT IT!

UGH! BOY, IT IS HEAVY!

G-GOSH, IT'S SO HEAVY, IT DUSHED MY FEET THRU TH' FLOOR!

DON'T LET IT GET AWAY, IT'S TOO VALUABLE TO AMERICA!

OOPS! IT SLIPPED!

I MUST BE LOSING MY WIND.. I'M PUFFIN! AH! I GOT IT!

WELL I'LL.. IT DROPPED RIGHT THRU TH' FLOOR AND TH' EARTH AN' IT'S STILL FALLIN'!

POISON CIRCLES THE WORLD IN LESS THAN NO TIME!

I'LL CATCH IT AS IT COMES OUT IN CHINA!

HERE YA ARE, DOC.. I CAUGHT IT IN CHINA.. INCIDENTALLY, WHAT'S THIS METAL GONNA BE USED FOR?

THE AVERAGE PIN BALL DOESN'T RING ENOUGH BELLS, BUT WHEN THAT METAL IS MELTED DOWN, IT'S EXTRA WEIGHT WILL MAKE IT...

...THE WORLD'S PERFECT PIN BALL!

ONE HOUR LATER..

Enjoy Poison Ivy in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS.

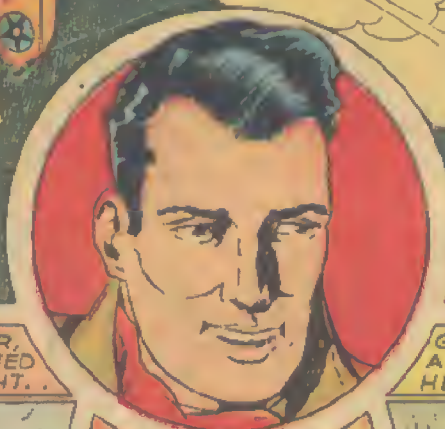


# SPIN SHAW

OF  
THE  
NAVAL  
AIR  
CORPS

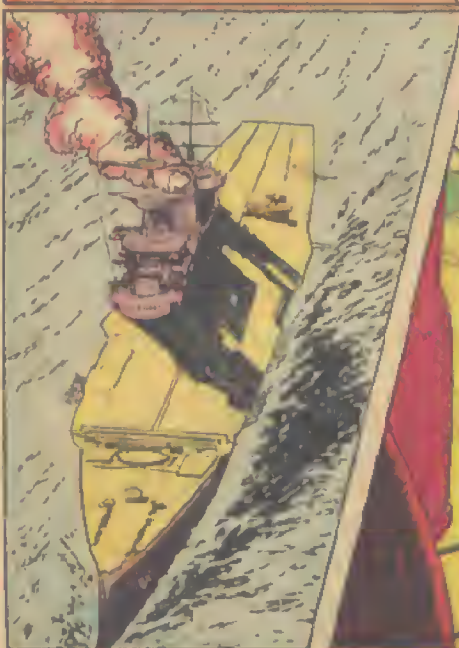
by  
Rex  
Smith

TREACHEROUS FORCES  
ATTEMPT TO HIJACK  
AMERICA'S MILITARY  
SECRETS, BUT COME  
INTO CONFLICT WITH  
SPIN SHAW, NAVY ACE,  
WHO ZOOMS INTO ACTION  
TO THWART THEIR  
DESIGNS.



ABOARD AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER,  
SPIN'S PLANE IS BEING WARNED  
UP FOR AN IMPORTANT FLIGHT.

GUNNING HIS SHIP, SPIN MAKES  
A PERFECT TAKE-OFF AND  
HEADS FOR THE CAPITOL.



REMEMBER, SHAW,  
THOSE PAPERS  
MUST BE DELIVERED  
WITHOUT  
DELAY!

YES,  
SIR.



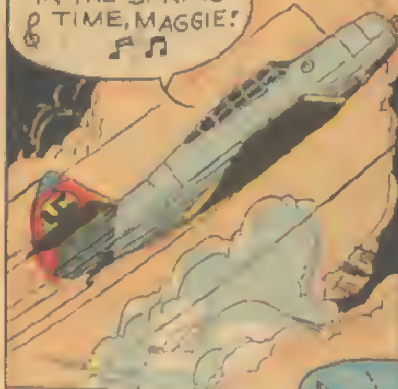
I SHOULD  
BE THERE  
IN ABOUT  
FIVE HOURS!





BUT UNKNOWN TO SPIN, A SWASTIKA IS PLAINLY VISIBLE ON THE TAIL OF HIS PLANE.

WHAT A DAY! I'LL BE WITH YOU IN THE SPRING-  
TIME, MAGGIE!



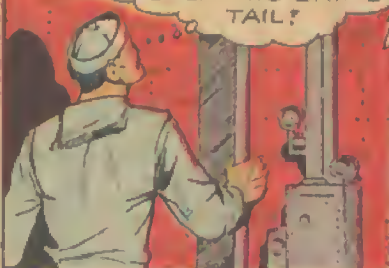
IN A FEW HOURS SPIN ZOOMS PAST AN ARMY FIELD LOCATED NEAR THE CAPITOL.



IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

WATCHING THE NAVY ACE VANISH ON THE HORIZON IS A FIFTH COLUMNIST, OPERATING ON BOARD THE CARRIER.

HA! THE S.A.P. DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE ME SLIP THE SWASTIKA COVER OVER HIS SHIP'S TAIL!



WHEN SUDDENLY A TRIO OF AMERICAN PURSUIT SHIPS ROAR UP AT HIM, SPITTING BULLETS.



DASHING TO A SMALL COMPARTMENT, THE ENEMY AGENT WIRES AN AMERICAN ARMY FIELD.

NAZI PLANE SCOUTING WASHINGTON... INTERCEPT AND DESTROY!



FOR A SPLIT SECOND, SPIN IS TOO STUNNED TO ACT.



HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ME!

DESPERATELY MANEUVERING TO AVOID THE STREAM OF LEAD, THE NAVY ACE IS FORCED TO LAND.

I CAN'T SHOOT BACK AT AMERICANS! I'LL PUT THIS DOWN IN THAT FIELD UNTIL I FIGURE THIS OUT!



AS THE SHIP REACHES GROUND, ONE OFFICER WAVES THE PURSUIT SHIP OFF WHILE ANOTHER RUSHES TOWARD SPIN.

I'LL GET HIM!



UP MIT DER HANDS, KVIK!

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! I'M SPIN SHAW OF THE NAVY AIR...







YAH, VE KNOW WHO YOU ISS!  
BUT I'LL TAKE DER PAPERS  
YOU HAF. . . NOW!



SPOTTING THE SWASTIKA  
COVER ON HIS PLANE, IT  
DAWNS ON SPIN THE MOTIVE  
FOR SHOOTING HIM DOWN.

AND YOU'RE NO AMERICAN  
OFFICER, YOU PONEV!  
WHERE'D YOU  
GET THAT  
UNIFORM?

YOU ARE IN NO  
POSITION TO  
CALL NAMES,  
SWINE!



TRYIN' TO PULL A FAST  
ONE BY HAVING THAT  
CROOKED CROSS  
PINNED ON MY  
PLANE.  
EH?



BUT THE OTHER  
IMPOSTER IN-  
TERVENES.

TAKE  
DOT!



QUICKLY, SNATCHING THE  
PLANS FROM THE PRO-  
STRATED FIGURE, THE TWO  
NAZIS RUN TO A CAR. . .

HURRY, OTTO! HE  
ISS OUT COLD!

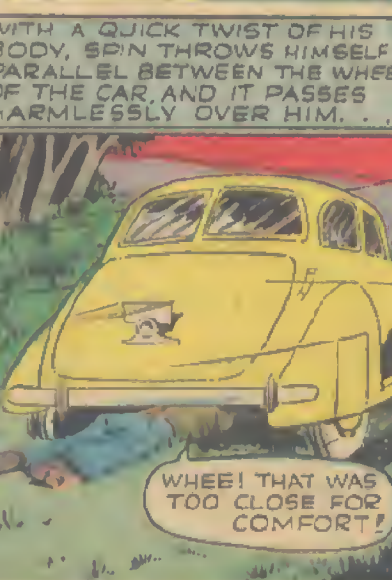


THE EFFECTS OF THE  
BLOW QUICKLY WEAR OFF,  
AND SPIN ATTEMPTS TO  
STAGGER TO HIS FEET. . .

HE'S GETTING OPP!  
RUN HIM DOWN. . HIT  
HIM MIT DER CAR!

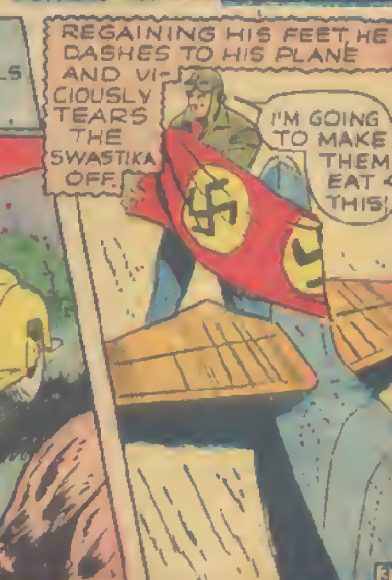


WHAT. . . THEY'RE  
GOING TO CLIP ME!



WITH A QUICK TWIST OF HIS  
BODY, SPIN THROWS HIMSELF  
PARALLEL BETWEEN THE WHEELS  
OF THE CAR, AND IT PASSES  
HARMLESSLY OVER HIM. . .

WHEE! THAT WAS  
TOO CLOSE FOR  
COMFORT!

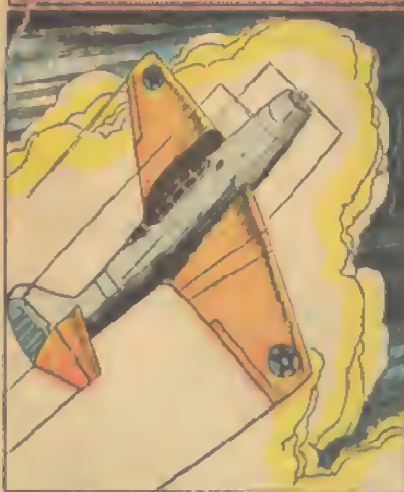


REGAINING HIS FEET, HE  
DASHES TO HIS PLANE  
AND VI-  
CIUOUSLY  
TEARS  
THE  
SWASTIKA  
OFF.

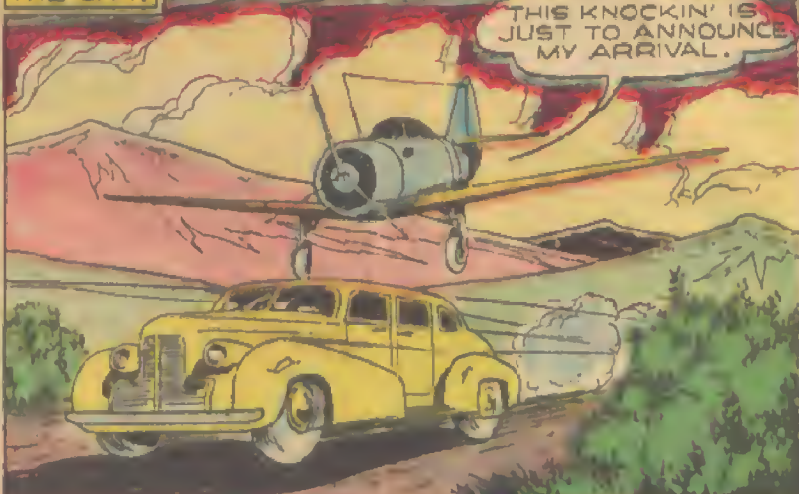
I'M GOING  
TO MAKE  
THEM  
EAT  
THIS!



SPIN GUNS THE NAVY PLANE AND ZOOMS AFTER THE NAZIS ESCAPING WITH THE PAPERS.



HE QUICKLY OVERTAKES THEM, AND IN AN EFFORT TO FORCE THEM TO A STOP, BOUNCES HIS PLANE OFF THE TOP OF THE CAR.



ASTONISHED TO FIND SPIN OVERHEAD, THE STARTLED SPIES RESORT TO FIREARMS.



BUT THE NAVY ACE RETALIATES WITH A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE.



AS THE IMPOSTERS ARE ABOUT TO SURRENDER, AN AUTOMOBILE TUNNEL LOOMS UP BEFORE THEM.



SPIN ALSO SPOTS THE TUNNEL, AND DESPERATELY LOOKS ABOUT FOR SOMETHING TO PREVENT HIS QUARRY FROM ESCAPING.



WITH THE TUNNEL ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY, THE HOOK IS DROPPED OVER THE BUMPER.



AND THE CAR IS WHISKED INTO THE AIR.





THE PETRIFIED NAZI GASP WITH FEAR AS THEIR VEHICLE LEAVES THE GROUND.



DANGLING IN MID-AIR, THE CAR IS CARRIED THROUGH THE SKIES.



WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE FIELD, SPIN CIRCLES LOW AND CUTS THE EXCESS BAGGAGE LOOSE.



QUICKLY LANDING, SPIN SEES THE NAZIS CRAWLING FROM THE SHATTERED CAR.



FOLLOWING UP HIS FIRST KAYO, SPIN TURNS ON THE OTHER SPY, AS SOLDIERS COME RUNNING UP.



THE TWO ENEMY AGENTS ARE TURNED OVER TO THE ARMY.



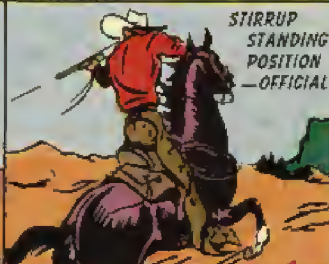


# RED RYDER Shows You HOW TO SHOOT

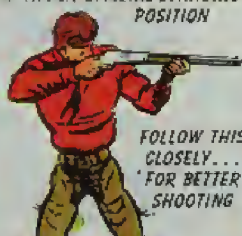
THE OFFICIAL RED RYDER SADDLE SHOOTING POSITION



STIRRUP STANDING POSITION—OFFICIAL



RED RYDER OFFICIAL STANDING POSITION



RED RYDER KNEELING POSITION... SIT ON RIGHT HEEL... LEFT ELBOW ON LEFT KNEE



RED RYDER PRONE POSITION... BODY AT 45° ANGLE TO TARGET. SPINE IS STRAIGHT



NOTE THAT RED'S ELBOWS ARE UNDER BODY—CHEST OFF GROUND

KEEP YOUR TOES OUT, LITTLE BEAVER! IT WILL STEADY YOU



RED TELLS LITTLE BEAVER HOW

PLENTY GOOD FUN SHOOTUM TARGET YOU BETCHUM!



AND I WISH EVERY BOY IN THE WORLD COULD TRY SHOOTIN' MY CARBINE!



RED RYDER'S COWBOY SHOOTING LESSON

These pictures showing cowboy shooting positions were specially drawn for Daisy and you by Fred Harman who used to punch cattle on the Colorado Range before hitting the trail to New York. Now Fred creates and draws the popular NEA newspaper cartoon "Red Ryder" (and Little Beaver) comic strip. Fred Harman helped Daisy design this western-style cowboy saddle carbine—so you know it's authentic.

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DAISY BULL'S EYE SHOT

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